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THE WAR SECRET

-:- Or, -:-

Beyond Frozen Seas

By E. W. Bateman

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CHAPTER I.

HAD one been passing a certain well-kept house in an old residential section of London during the early days of the great war which set all England in turmoil, he would have seen gazing from its front window, on one August afternoon, a stalwart young man in the early twenties.

"A likely youngster," he would have thought. "Young English nobleman, no doubt, thinking of doing his bit."

In that he would have been mistaken. Richard Kalmaik, young, handsome and wealthy, was simply an outcast from his native America. A Virginian by birth, he had been driven in his college days from his own country by an innocent bit of hazing by a bunch of young students in which he had played a part. A lad was seriously hurt and the storm which had broken fell upon Kalmaik's head solely.

In school he had been a noted athlete, for his might of body had been inherited from a sturdy line of Norse ancestors; but with it he had inherited a stubborn head, a spirit unbreakable. And his pride had never forgiven the blow it had received. He had lived for three long years as an expatriate, lived in every clime, suffered many man-making experiences in trying to forget he was practically a fugitive, but innocent of any crime.

Soft lights played over Kalmaik's sitting-room as he stood by the window dreaming idly of the golden Virginia summer of his old home. His longing for that day had been sad and had softened him, as his valet soon attested when he announced him for supper. Being African in truth, and Virginia-raised, Rufus Johnson, valet extraordinary, was likewise a weather barometer of the Kalmaik household. If Rufus scurried, the decorous English servants kept out of sight. If Rufe lagged, the household breathed freely and went its way.

"Cap'n, you sho better come git yo' dinner," admonished Rufe, with the freedom of the American servant. "It's gittin' col', en besides, you gwine to 'dress dat ingraph wariety 'bout nine o'clock."

Kalmaik looked up with a smile at Rufus, who had been, as is often the case with Southerners, his boyhood playmate.

"I was just thinking, Rufe, how the bass would be biting in old Talmage Lake on a day like this one has been."

Rufe himself looked glum at this. "Jes' de same, Cap'n, we ain't there, en yo' supper ain't hardly fitten ter eat when it's hot, wid dat Frenchie cookin' it. I 'vises you to come right now."

Without interest Kalmaik followed the advice, and then dressed for a lecture. He remembered in a dull sort of way he had promised to address the Geographical Society upon the formations he had found in the southern Andes Mountains.

He ordered his motor car, and was soon dashing thru the streets of the great English city on the way to the modest hall where the famous body was to meet and hear him lecture. He was nearing the place when he suddenly felt his car swerve sharply, crash into something and then stop. There had been a slight accident, his chauffeur explained in a moment, on account of the slippery pavement. The tire in front had been ripped on the curb. Would monsieur wait in the car or walk about for fifteen minutes or so?

Kalmaik chose the latter, for he had been in the house for the greater part of the day. There was a small but well-lighted public park near, and he strode off in that direction, thinking to take a brisk walk over its winding paths.

He was near the entrance, when his eye fell idly upon one of the old type of English houses near. His curiosity as a builder was mildly aroused, and he studied its queer lines and overhanging upper story for a moment. He noted vaguely that only one light in the entire building burned, one in that second story which had looked so quaint.

Then, as he looked, it was suddenly snuffed out, and the air was torn by a woman's scream!

Just once that cry came, but it seemed to split the night air like the call of a trumpet. Kalmaik, startled, looked up

and down the street. There was not a man in sight, much less an officer. That cry had not been articulate, yet it had said plainly the owner needed help.

Swiftly but silently the American stepped up the walk to the house. He was slightly detached from the others of the square by well-kept lawns, which precluded the possibility it was empty. He took the steps two at the time, treading like a cat upon the ball of his feet, and grasped the door handle. It yielded to his touch.

"Could this be a trap?" Kalmaik asked himself, then decided the cry had been genuine.

He crept slowly to the stairway, and up it step by step. His every sense of caution, trained in months of camps and jungle trails, was now alive to tell him of any impending danger.

He made his way silently until he reached the top, when thru the gloom he seemed to hear the sibilant hiss of some one hard upon something. An instant's listening convinced him. Within a few yards of him, in darkness absolute, stood a person trying to suppress sobs.

Kalmaik crouched on the landing almost to the floor, while over him surged the realization some one was trapped in the building in the hallway around him.

"D—n that woman!" came a snarl out of the darkness. "I tell you, Fred, she'll tell everything. We must not let her get out."

It shattered the silence like a knife, and instantly Kalmaik knew there was need of him.

The sharp breathing stopped as if a hand had choked it, and Kalmaik bent over the landing with arms outstretched, his huge body tense as steel, suddenly felt the soft, warm body of a woman flash into his arms.

"Oh, God!" she sighed, and fainted, her head falling on his chest.

"To the stairway!" came the voice again, and the thrill of the woman's touch was lost in the surge of blood thru Kalmaik. She's going that way, boys. Get to that door first.

Braced, like a sturdy oak on the landing, the American felt another shock of three men who came hurtling out of the darkness. His powerful body stopped the rush like a wall, and his fist shot out with terrific force. It landed solidly, and an answering groan told him one assailant was down.

Then came a struggle in that four-foot space the like of which Richard Kalmaik could not recall in all his gridiron days. He suddenly felt the girl's weight the equal of whom he had never measured strength with before. For a moment they struggled there, the man and girl, the woman under their feet. Kalmaik, his arms pinned to his sides, kept from falling down the stairway, headlong only by of his great bulk.

He played a wrestling trick he had from a traveling troupe in

[illegible] tree. He slipped them around his antagonist and heaved with all his might, feeling the girl's weight slip.

It was a sudden shift of fortunes, with terrible effect. Kalmaik heard a quick oath and then the thud of a body as it struck crashing down the stairway. There was a moment of silence, and then he heard the thud of running feet. The third man had given up the fight.

"There's not a second to lose," thought the American, as he bent down and picked the woman up in his arms and dashed for the door. He was on the street in a moment, and the fresh air revived the woman in his arms.

"Thank you and the good God who sent you!" she whispered to him, as he steadied her on her feet.

"What took you there?" queried Kalmaik, as they walked rapidly up the street to where her automobile car stood standing. He looked at her carefully and saw she had wonderfully golden hair, and in the fair face of the girl was a full mask, covering everything except her eyes, he could tell she was young and supple and graceful.

"You you saved my life," replied the woman, quickly and soberly, "I cannot tell you why I was there. Likewise, if you are seen with me, it would condemn you to death. But I want to thank you for what you did, and I want your card, that I may thank you again some day should I come thru certain things alive."

The girl—Kalmaik saw she was startling for such a slip of a girl—was deadly earnest, and he repressed a desire to smile. It did seem a little too heroic for such things to be in the heart of London.

"Do not try to follow me, please," the girl whispered to him. "I am going to leave you here. I will be safe in two minutes. Now, if you please—your card," she faltered.

Silently Kalmaik handed her a tiny square of pasteboard and the darkness of a cross-street swallowed up in a half-minute.

"A real adventure," thought the American, as he walked toward his waiting car. "Fifteen minutes crammed full of action." Then he chuckled to himself as he rubbed the aching knuckles of his right hand. "I bet that fellow I hit has got a headache. I wonder," he mused, "if I shall ever see her again?"

In another moment he was in his car, whirling away to the lecture hall.

CHAPTER II.

A TRIFLE awry and a few minutes late, the much-traveled [illegible] caused a slight flurry in the hall when he stepped in. If the audience or the chairman of the meeting noted a disarranged dress tie, and a bright red spot in each cheek from hard exercise, they said nothing of it.

"We have good news for you, Mr. Kalmaik," said the chairman of the meeting, just before the meeting was called to order. "Dr. John Philpott, of the Cilsbury Foundation of America, the most famous of the American Continent explorers, is our guest tonight. He is here with his daughter to hear your lecture, and I want you to meet him."

Doctor Philpott proved to be a short, middle-aged man, powerfully built and very capable-looking. He and Kalmaik were at home in a moment, being compatriots, and with the introductions interchanged, Doctor Philpott turned to a young woman whom Kalmaik had not noted.

"Mr. Kalmaik, I wish you to meet my daughter, Miss Dorothy Philpott, simply, and the former received a sudden shock.

She was a slender but supple young woman, and as perfectly golden as to rather plain but clear features and so blue they sparkled with light.

The American struggled thru the introduction, and when Doctor Philpott was called, his daughter was rather hard put to keep from saying, "I've seen you before I was confused," he admitted. "Haven't we met somewhere recently, I might ask?" he added, recovering. "Is there something terribly wrong with me, really?" she asked, with arched eyebrows.

Instantly Kalmaik found himself and laughed heartily. "I was so profoundly impressed with the idea I had seen you before I was confused," he admitted. "Haven't we met somewhere recently, I might ask?" he added, recovering. "Is there something terribly wrong with me, really?" she asked, with arched eyebrows.

The girl returned the look calmly, and it was Kalmaik who dropped his gaze. "No, I hardly think it possible, Mr. Kalmaik. I have been in London only today. Perhaps it is an illusion," she said.

"Pardon me, Miss Philpott," he answered quickly. "No doubt I am mistaken. But certainly, now that you have found fellow-citizens here tonight." He bowed and made his way to the speaker's platform.

With him went the conviction, however, that the girl he had just met was the woman whom he had taken out of the house of the golden head.

"If it hadn't been for that mask," he thought to himself, "I could be sure."

The lecture he gave that evening was of little importance. He was fighting over and over again that battle in the house, while out in the little audience he was seeing the face of the girl [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Kalmaik, you have made the mistake of many strong men: there came a cross for you to bear, and with the burden you carried you would not admit to the world that you needed its help. You simply turned the iron of your nature to the outside and kept the weakness within. Others have had sorrows, too." She reached over and clasped his hand in a strong grip. "But I'm sure, now you that your own will be solved for you and that you will return."

Kalmaik sat there quite still in silence. For a moment they looked out over the tossing waves. "You have helped me," he said finally.

Gallagher's voice interrupted them. "I do not want to alarm you, sir," he said, saluting his superior officer with a peculiar snap. "But the barometer pressure has fallen so rapidly within the last half-hour that I know we are running into a storm zone near the Horn. If the late summer storm is breaking there, we will have the roughest——"

Gallagher suddenly paused. From the south, like a breath of some snow wraith, came a puff of wind. It chilled them. Then it was gone. Kalmaik looked at his first mate and smiled evenly. The mate smiled back.

"If I may suggest, sir," Gallagher said, "Miss Philpott had best go below. I think it's going to blow a bit just after we clear the Straits."

Silently the girl turned and Kalmaik followed her. He saw her to the salon, and she dashed into his cabin. He came out clad in oilskins and sea boots and dashed up the ladder.

Gallagher had already taken the precaution, and the crew looked like a modern fire company snatched from a truck. They were ready for a stormy time.

The first question Kalmaik asked was a queer one.

"Mr. Gallagher, where did you learn to salute as you did just now?" he queried.

Gallagher looked at him quickly to see if he was in earnest, and decided that he was. "At Annapolis, sir," he replied.

"Then, Mr. Gallagher, you know what we face, for you have shown your knowledge of the sea. We are going round the Horn in a seagoing yacht, but a light one—and we are going thru a hell of sea and wind if we are ever to see the other side."

Then the big American shook his head and smiled as a roar of wind dashed in a mist of water so cold and chill that it froze on the woodwork of the Virginia.

The battle was on.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR five days the yacht Virginia had been a battered hulk.

Into the very teeth of the fiercest storm of the season—the late summer hurricane—the little vessel had dipped its way, to pay the penalty of matching a few hundred tons of steel against the might of Nature unbossed.

Kalmaik, worn to a thread and with a beard of a week on his face, but unconquered, paced the ice-coated deck of the little ship as it smashed along, the plaything of a roaring wind and ice-cold, mountain-high waves. He knew, and Gallagher knew, that they had lost. The vessel was doomed to rush on her way to the ice fields and smash itself upon some monster of the Antarctic seas.

"Mr. Gallagher, have you any idea where we are drifting now?" shouted the skipper, as the stanch first mate fought his way to his side.

"We are sailing uncharted seas," the mate shouted back. "This is frozen timber, sir. By midnight we shall never be able to make our way out. It looks like the finish very soon, too, sir. We are a hundred miles from the passage round the Horn, and in the ice fields proper within a day."

Kalmaik blanched, not for himself, but for the girl in the cabin beneath him—snug and warm there, with her dainty little cabin the only ware not fighting their way thru the storm to safety.

"Oh, if that engine shaft hadn't broken," he said in Gallagher's ear, "I believe we could have made it! I do not mind for myself, but it seems hard on that little girl——"

Gallagher nodded quickly, and put out his hand as if grasping a rope, in that way Americans alone understand.

"Captain Kalmaik, I have been sailor, cowboy, and engineer, sir," he shouted, said the first mate. "I once lived thru four days in Death Valley without water—and that was a touch of heat. I have been thru a hell of wind and water during the past ten days, but I am not ready to quit. If we can make a landing in the ice with the yacht, there is a chance we can live thru the winter, while we try to fix the broken shaft, and wait for the next spring. We will have enough fuel, by burning the woodwork and masts, to make the continent again. Don't quit!"

"No, by the living God!" cried Kalmaik, his face aflame. "Gallagher, I never thanked you before, but I was going to fight for the life that little girl intrusted to me to the very last, and I believe you have said the thing to do."

"And now, I want to say, Captain," the mate went on, "we must watch the engineer and his crew. I know something about machinery. That shaft which smashed wild on the fourth day of the storm had sand in its case when I went down to look at it. Do you know your engine and stoker crew as you do our good boys of the deck? Only fools or crooks sand engine shafts."

"I don't know them," returned Kalmaik, sharply, "but I know this: The regular crew quit rather suddenly when we were preparing for the cruise, and Swanson, the drunken mate, hired another bodily to take its place. Their leader, a thoro Teuton, came well recommended."

"From now on we will watch them, if you please," said Gallagher, and his superior officer nodded permission.

It was a dull day. The little ship, with its sails torn to shreds and flapping from the masts, and with broken engines, was tearing madly down the wind, bound for a fate which at its best seemed problematical.

"When she strikes, as she will," Gallagher had told Kalmaik, "I'm going to try for a big ice field where we can go in lightly, and perhaps back our way into a wedge. This will hold for a day, and should be enough. With this season so, all hell could not jar loose the ice packs, once they start to set. I remember enough of Puget Sound to know that."

It was so bitter cold the crew could hold to the decks only in pairs and trios. Rufe Johnson, with his galley stove roaring, was trying hot coffee on the men who fought with the steering wheel turns about. Only Kalmaik, of seemingly iron frame, with Gallagher, a graduate of Puget Sound, stood the assaults of the wind and the froth of the waves which made ice where it fell.

It was near midnight when Kalmaik, snatching two hours of sleep, felt a grinding shock and then a dead stop to the ship. He dressed quickly and rushed on the deck. Overhead the sky was blacker than the night around. A shimmering light seemed to spread off from the ship instead of the waves to which his eye was accustomed.

"Captain, we are wedged in without a plate strained," reported Gallagher, quietly, as if he had not been thru a strain of six hours, guiding twenty lives thru a maze of whirling icebergs. "This is the first big storm of the Antarctic winter. The next thaw will be about June of next year." It was a mirthless smile the mate gave at the thought of the terrible odds against them.

"Gallagher, you are a man," Kalmaik said quietly. "Thank God, I stocked this boat with food to last us on our inland trip, and we can live a year. I haven't given up, by any means. If you think we are safe, let's turn in for the night."

For the next four hours the ship creaked in its bed of ice while its crew to a man slept away the exhaustion of a strain which had lasted nearly two weeks.

CHAPTER V.

ADAWN which was only the dull gray light of a polar sun shining thru a haze of falling snow greeted the little ship over a sea of white. To Kalmaik it seemed suddenly the world had turned to ice, the air to ice, the sky to ice. There was that bite in the cold which kills the Antarctic explorer more surely than those who fight toward the Arctic zones. The hardy American felt it keenly as he looked out of the hatchway.

Back into the lighted salon of the vessel, warm from the glowing stove the faithful Rufe had kept burning, Kalmaik made his way to his desk and then called Gallagher.

"We must have a reckoning, matey," he said, with a quiet smile. "To all intents in marble slab, we are wrecked, and I am no longer in command. The crew must elect a leader. Call them in."

He himself summoned Doctor and Miss Philpott. The noted explorer and his daughter had seen little of events above since the storm began, and were only advised that the ship was caught in the ice packs when Kalmaik called.

Silently the little crew gathered, and then Kalmaik looked around. "Mr. Gallagher, where are the engineer and his crew of five? They have fights here, also."

"They are at work below, in the hold, and I had forgotten," he said. "I will summon them now."

Kalmaik remembered afterward how little the stage was set for tragedy, as he looked around the narrow circle of dull faces, pathetic now with hope lost.

Miss Philpott sat next to him, and when Gallagher filed in with the stoke-hold crew, she gave a sharp cry and sprang to her feet.

Facing her was a huge German, so broad of chest he seemed deformed, and with a head like that of a lion. He was plainly in command of the engine men.

"Lisenger!" she cried, and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh! So!" he cried, advancing. "You know me, now, my girl. I shipped on this little boat and have risked my life to get you in my power. Where are those plans now, I say?" His voice raised to a high pitch.

"What does this mean?" asked Doctor Philpott, as he sprang to his feet. For reply the big engineer smashed out with his fist, catching the scientist an unexpected blow. He fell stunned.

The next few minutes were like the flashing of a picture screen to Kalmaik. His little Gallagher spake out a huge gun like magic and cover the four men of Lisenger as they sprang forward. Then he dashed in and met the giant Teuton himself.

With dilated eyes the golden-haired woman stood watching the fight. First it was a death struggle in which Kalmaik and the Teuton groaned as Kalmaik banded his arms about him and crushed the life out of him. Then came a staggering blow, and the engineer dropped in his tracks, only to be up again and at the throat of the American.

It was a terrible example of brute strength alone matched against a man of tremendous might and the skill and swiftness of a leopard. Like a madman Lisenger rushed at the American, only to meet a blow which sent the blood gushing in his eyes and mouth. Yet still he came, his eyes gleaming ferociously.

"My God!" shouted Gallagher, as Kalmaik swung a right to the head of his assailant with such force that the man literally flew across the salon, and yet came back with a terrible, maddening rush.

There is a science among the Canadian lumbermen called "le savage," because it knows no mercy. Kalmaik suddenly remembered one simple trick he had learned there in a lumber camp, and he met the charging giant. He ducked low, and both fists drawn close in, he crashed head-on to the chin of Lisenger, and at the same time drove both fists with all the might of his body directly in the pit of his stomach.

"You've killed him!" shrieked the girl, the tenseness of the moment over, and her high-strung nerves going to bits.

Kalmaik, reeling from the shock of it, saw Lisenger lying sprawled upon the floor, blood pouring from his face.

"No, but I should have," he said quietly. "Is there any one here who wants to dispute my authority, or do you men think I can handle the situation as your captain?"

Wide-eyed, they nodded their heads unanimously.

"Then get back to the forecastle, Mr. Gallagher, I appoint you second in command. Have that man locked up, with his four companions, until we can dispose of their case. There is something I must know first," and he looked at the girl, who again hid her face. "You had best care for your father now, Miss Philpott," he added, tersely, and the girl hastened to obey.

Gallagher, with a few terse words, ordered the companions of the engineer to pick him up and march away. They obeyed sullenly, while the girl worked rapidly and skilfully over her father. In a moment the three were alone. Slowly the scientist opened his eyes and then stood upon his feet.

"What happened?" he asked, noting the torn look of the salon and the flush of battle in the face of the conquering American.

"I was forced to battle with a burly engineer who thought I could not run the ship any longer," answered Kalmaik, quietly. "Perhaps he will not remember what was said," he thought quickly to himself. "I'll save the girl anything I can."

"But he spoke to you, my dear," Doctor Philpott insisted. "He asked you about plans. What plans are they?" His voice took a coldly judicious tone and the girl looked at the two sadly and solemnly before she replied.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER, I have come to a point where I must tell you everything," she whispered. Kalmaik turned to go away, but she motioned for him to return. "I want you to hear also, Mr. Kalmaik, and want you all to judge me as kindly as you can."

Kalmaik smiled kindly and sat down at his desk. The father lay on a divan, and both regarded her silently.

"Several years ago, when I was studying art and music in Berlin," she began, "I met a dashing young nobleman who greatly admired American women. He often sought the American colony, because he said the people of his set bored him terribly. He was rich and powerful and could afford to choose.

"Then one night—" here the girl's voice dropped to a whisper, while her face twisted with the tragedy of it—"one night he asked me to visit the military. I did so. He was stationed at Metz. It was a pleasant little trip for the next morning, and I readily consented. He took me to the citadel, sketching and some carbon pencils to make a few free-hand sketches.

"Oh, the terrible results. Indeed, had I known what was in store I would have forgotten all the knowledge of art as studiously sought."

"We arrived at the citadel, and as his guest I was welcomed. We walked around the huge fort which covered an important hill in the center of the city, and I was charmed. It was so wonderful to me I forgot about my drawing and the future.

"It was some trivial thing which took him from my side, and while I stood alone, as he sprang to his feet. For an instant I took it out and began hastily to sketch. I didn't think of the terrible consequences. I was drawing German fortifications, and I was busily engaged when suddenly a gruff voice sounded in my ear, and there stood the count on my shoulder. I was told in German that I was under arrest for espionage, one of the charges against the catalog. Worse, I had been captured red-handed.

"I was so despairing I fairly betrayed myself as I was haled before the commander of the fort. He was cold but stern. He heard my story in silence. Fortunately I had not told him, in my difficulty with the German language, that I was an American.

"'Call Baron Lisenger,' he said, and a guard had my companion in a moment. His face blanched as he saw me, a captive, before his superior officer. The older officer spoke like a judge.

"'Lieutenant Baron, this young woman says she came here with you. We caught her sketching the fortifications, and her plans are those of an expert. How can you explain the bringing of spies within the fort?' I can remember now how

Crashed head-on.

forceful his words were, and how fateful they sounded.

"I saw quickly there was going to be a desperate play, and I bent forward to catch the cue.

"Pardon me, your excellency," said my companion, with a slight but perfectly poised smile, "I did not dream that when I brought my little American wife to the fortress she would try to sketch it. How careless of you, my dear, be admonished playfully, to stay and pencil things within a fortification."

"It was desperate, but I could not help but smile in my relief. The Governor's face relaxed slightly.

"If you shall prove to my satisfaction, Lieutenant Lisenger, that this woman is your wife, I shall drop the matter," he said. "I shall expect you to do this before nightfall." And he waved his hand to us in dismissal.

"This woman is in your custody, sir," the captain of the guard told Lisenger as we passed out."

The girl's face was drawn and white as death, as she paused for a moment. "Go on!" she father pushed me forward.

"There was nothing else to do," she told bravely. "Lisenger bribed and cajoled an official in aiding the marriage license four weeks before that date, and we—were—married."

Her voice stopped dead. There was not a sound in the salon.

"I was nothing of a wife to him," she went on dully. "I did not love him, and he did not love me. We got along well. I didn't see him again for years, and then I was in America, trying my best to forget that terrible experience.

"He had changed—for the worse, as I could see—but he insisted that I introduce him in the best society. In terror of him, and our dread secret, I did it. Everywhere society was open to him on my recommendation. In Washington he was splendidly received, and for a while I thought he would go back finally and leave me to mend my wrecked life as best I could."

Again her voice broke and Kalmaik longed to comfort her.

"But he was not that kind; it's not in that kind of man," she said, her voice mounting high. "One night I found out which I had been asked in the capital, he was not bidden. I remember it was given by a naval official of high rank for the officers of his command alone. Lisenger seemed terribly upset about it when he came home to me, for he stayed an hour or so in our library when he called the afternoon before. Finally he faced me and said:

"'At this ball tonight a man will come to you and during a dance will whisper in your ear 'Germany forever' and it will be a signal. Take what he gives you. I must leave this city now, for I sail for England in the morning bound. You follow me soon as you can, and with that intrusted to you.'

"'And if I do not?' I questioned.

"'Our story will be cabled to the New York newspapers from London, backed by the Emperor, who laughed at me and I quailed in terror. I knew I would do his bidding.

"That night I was dancing with a young officer of the ordnance department when suddenly he bent to my ear and whispered. Then there was pressed in my hand a tiny leather wallet, sealed tightly.

"'You are a traitor!' I said to him, and he flushed red as fire.

"'And you the wife of a spy!' he replied and laughed brutally in my face."

For some reason Kalmaik knew the story was almost done.

"You know the rest of it, Mr. Kalmaik," she said, facing him bravely. "I carried that wallet to him at that vacant house in Washington he had rented for the purpose. I demanded to know what it was, and he refused to tell me. I grabbed for it up. He attacked me brutally, but I managed to strike out the light and hide in the hall. They would have found me, but there were no lights in the house except the one I had broken. You saved my life at the risk of your own that night and every lecture. I believe Lisenger bribed your stokers to quit, and shipped himself and a band of accomplices in their place for a chance to steal that wallet no bigger than the palm of my hand. I have never broken the seal, and I hope to live to return it to my country, from which it was stolen."

She swayed slightly, and Kalmaik sprang to catch her. She steadied herself on her arm and smiled at him wanly.

"It would seem that this is enough to turn you away from me," she whispered. "I know now what you meant when you told me others had their sorrows as well as I," he replied softly. "You may count me now and always, among your friends and servants."

And he bowed, like the Virginia gentlemen of olden days, and kissed her hand. The girl was greatly moved.

"Mr. Kalmaik, I want you to take it now, and if possible, determine its value, and whether it should be destroyed," she said, and handed him the wallet.

He took it silently, and as father and daughter retired, he summoned Gallagher.

"Let's go into this, mikey, as American citizens," he said. "And pledge each other to keep its faith."

They nodded and they broke the seal. The papers which came out meant nothing to Kalmaik, but Gallagher grew pale and his breath came hard. To any one watching, it was easy to see the mass of figures and figures were being minutely read by him.

"Captain Kalmaik," he said finally, "I told you I had learned to be satisfied in Annapolis. It was no lie, sir. If I can read plans at all, this is the most important naval secret in the world today. With it Germany can win this war. Lisenger was playing a high game indeed—one which his government would have disavowed in a moment if he had been caught, but which would have made him a national hero if he had succeeded. Let us swear here and now to destroy those plans totally if we are doomed to perish. I would not even trust them to a boundless sea."

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The Wrath of God

-:- Or, -:-

A New Adam and Eve

By Mason Ray

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CHAPTER VIII.

BY THE time April began alternately to weep and smile, Eve and her dimpled daughter made a picture worthy the brush of an artist. Nothing could be so ravishingly fair as my gold-crowned wife, whose beautiful face glowed softly with mother love and whose eyes grew fondly luminous as she studied the little one on her lap.

"She's like you, Adam-boy," said she one morning, after small Diantha had received her bath. "Only she'll have your image—black hair, straight nose, dark brown eyes, lips and chin. Why, honey, she's your feminized double. She's going to be vivacious, strong-willed and persistent."

"Thanks, pile it on," I told her across the back of a chair I was straddling while admiring our offspring. "Only as I suggested, 'if we're both persistent and willful we'll clash.'"

"No," said Eve. "A daughter always sides with her father."

"Lucky for both of us," said I, and gazed at the scrap of fist-waving humanity with unspeakable pride. What was there in the empty world for Diantha? How could she flower into perfect womanhood without love, without school, without the give and take that sharpens wits? For her there would be no measurements—there would be an anomaly; but I rejoiced at her coming. She seemed an angel from paradise.

Early in March a pair of robins delighted us by appearing in the old aviary and were welcomed. Some time others of the hand-raised family joined the robins, until we thankfully perceived that they were building and persisted. The timid ones announced their well-being in noisy greeting and peripatetic flight, and presently they supplied their number. Wrens built at our very door, while a presuming robin entered an open window and began to build a nest among the toilet articles on Eve's dresser. I screened the opening and arranged a covered box for her under the outer sill, which she contentedly occupied. This spring my wife banished the incubator, but mother-fowls conducted downy, peeping broods. With neither fox nor hawk to pounce upon these we were safe, and the feathered parents saved Eve's time for her daughter and the garden.

We were awakened at dawn by our songsters' matin chorus and a vesper song came at eventide, while down the shore sounded the gulp, chug, gulp of a frog basso accompanied by many sopranos. One evening, when the big lake glowed under a setting sun, we listened on our west piazza to the wild music.

"It's a happy old earth, after all, isn't it, Adam-boy?" demanded my dear one, but I noted that her gaze was fixed on Diantha in her arms.

"It's a good enough earth," I admitted. "But," said I, speaking of a matter that troubled me, "it must be plowed, planted and tilled. I must have tractor-propelled plows and harrows and reapers."

"Does that mean a trip to Parkland?" asked Eve.

"Farther than that," I told her. "It means Chicago."

My brave girl never flinched. "What is the plan?" she asked, and her sweet voice was steady. "How many row moves tons of iron from across the lake?"

"By boat," I told her. "Tugs and barges are for Penthallow's bay, my dear. You'd steer while I fired and ran the engine, and we could make short work of the inconsequential rush."

"I understand," Eve said quietly. "Our lives—and Diantha—depend upon securing tools for future crops."

Diantha had become our dominant thought. For her sake we would have braved fire in addition to water, but I needed the help of a man. I almost longed for him of the single footprint. However, the man-size must be managed by Eve. We scattered enormous piles of grain for the feathered ones and left them with plenty of water. Then we motored twenty miles north. The lake shore road was almost free of fallen timber, and Penthallow Harbor was crowded by shipping. So we were fortunate.

By noon of the day we started I discovered among the idle, crew-abandoned and apparently disconsolate steamers a good-sized tug with good power. It was a Godsend. The craft was sound, the engine in tolerable condition. I cleaned and oiled and tested the machinery until night, then rested, and by faintest dawn we were on our way. Our progress was slow, but every hundred miles of direct route became a third more because of our rounding the shore. At night we anchored.

But by sunrise of a chill Friday morning the mirage-like panorama of a great city came into view, and we passed rotting steamers, barges and tugs that moped at their moorings. In the streets of Chicago vegetables grew, sprouted where possible and rideriess vehicles cluttered the avenues. With Diantha in Eve's arms at my side, I led the way along business streets where yard-high lettering on buildings advertised dry goods and shoes, tobacco, wines and watches. Words are inadequate to describe the faded splendor of rich furs, the tarnished, dust-dressed manikins and models, wrought silver and jewelry, tarnished copper and iron, dusty cigar boxes and cigars. The cigar sign of an American Indian leaned slightly forward at a tobacco store and shaded its sightless eyes with a bronzed hand. It was startlingly lifelike.

"You would think it sought the departed crowds that once surged in the streets," whispered Eve. "It's horribly suggestive. We'll be glad to go home and forget this mockery."

"As soon as we load our tug," I promised. "We'll hurry."

At the first garage sighted we secured a car, but not before we passed an automatic arrangement in a shoe-shop window that astonished us by unexpected motion. Slowly a patent-leather shoe rose and lowered by means of a glass ball which followed a circular course. It was a ghastly survival. With unfailing regularity the automatic device had fitted and covered the costly boot in advertisement to a dead populace.

"Before we go plow-hunting, suppose we secure what you want in dry goods," I suggested. "I'll help you rummage."

Our working together would consume time, but Eve insisted upon myself to let Eve and Diantha out of sight. So we alighted at a huge department store and entered the silent, unattended aisles, where seemingly everything on earth was exposed for sale.

"We must climb to the second floor where rugs are displayed," guessed Eve.

So we ascended the wide stairs. And at the top we came across glazed cases that had once held costly gowns. These gowns had been draped on papier-mache dummies, but now many of them were thrown to the floor and denuded of their feminine adornments. Some impatient hand had violently stripped them. It recalled to my mind the maniacal disorder throughout the Grand saloon by my man of the frozen trail.

"Look!" gasped Eve. "Who did that?"

Her blue eyes were wide with anxiety and fear. As she spoke we heard the unmistakable stride of feet that approached and began to mount the stair. Silently we watched. I had Diantha in the hollow of one arm, the other encircled trembling Eve. Next moment a man's head appeared above the stair well. After him came a young woman richly attired.

"Lord, but I'm glad some one is alive!" said the man. His movement and voice proclaimed energy and quick impetuosity. "It's good to see a human face," he almost shouted. And the word sounded strange, was oddly emphasized. His eyes were intensely black, his features handsome. He was abounding in health and good humor, and pleasingly frank. His girlish companion had thrown herself into my wife's arms and was hysterically weeping.

"There, there!" sopthed Eve, as if the girl was Diantha. "It's all over. After this we'll be ready. She drives me crazy."

"It's no wonder," said I, "that your——"

"Will" supplied the black-eyed stranger.

"That your wife is unnerved," I ended. "It's a nerve-racking test for any mind."

Her young husband gave a gesture of disgust.

"Impossible!" cried he. "She has none to lose!"

CHAPTER IX.

THUS it transpired that Eve and I, after all, were not the only inhabitants saved to the world. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cadwell of Chicago shared our immunity from death. Their story was sensational. Frank had been chauffeur for the wealthy McVanes and had eloped with Sibyl McVane, the multimillionaire's only daughter. The pair fled to New York, intending to hide in war-infested Europe, but encountered the disturbance-like heat of destruction and were miraculously saved by a trick of fate. They had, for a tremendous fee, obtained passage in a tramp steamer, and the hour of departure was named. Perhaps the heat delayed the packing of stores, or the owner had misjudged the amount to be stored. Anyway, the eloping couple's cab dropped them on the dock too soon by half hour. And as they sweltered Frank chanced upon the owner of a submarine boat.

Impressed by the generosity, Mike Kelly agreed to entertain the two by a plunge under the sea. It promised diversion for the hour and escape from a torrid atmosphere. So they descended. It must have been at the time humanity perished. Hurrying to the surface they breathed compressed air from a storage tank. Then they rose to the surface and admired the sea breeze enjoyed by sudden rain. It was sulphurous. It strangled and all but killed them. On shore, like ourselves, they found a carnival of death. With the homing instinct of carrier doves they hastened to Chicago in a commandeered auto, only to find a depopulated city.

"What became of Kelly?" I asked Frank.

"He was a genuine bum," charged Frank. "I shook him."

"Don't you suppose there were other undersea craft—and survivors?"

"Possibly," admitted Frank. "But they might be miles away from shore—or a dozen other things happened. Anyhow, you're the first live ones we've struck. And the waiting's been hell, just plain hell."

"Worse!" wailed his wife. Her doll face softened in sympathy, her eyes again overflowed. "Serves me right for eloping," she declared, as if this had prepetated the disaster. "I'm glad of a fool. I didn't know when I was well off. Once more she began to sob aloud.

"For Christ's sake, Sib, quit!" Frank entreated her husband. "It's bad enough without the weeps. Quit!"

Sibyl's heaving shoulder I caught Eve's amazed glance. This disillusioned pair had spent their months in loneliness in drifting apart. Evidently the girl's shallow nature was embittered by the very trial that ennobled Eve's broad, deep, religious nature had strengthened and unfolded, while Sibyl's narrowed and shrank. I found myself pitying Frank. To divert his attention I left him of our experience, of our home and plans, and asked his assistance about loading the tug. Of course the estranged couple must accompany us to Morningstar. They could do nothing else. We must suggest nothing less.

"To the country?" exclaimed Sibyl, when she caught the drift of our remarks. "Never! I detest it."

"Then, by Heck," cried Frank, "you'll stay in this smoked-out hive alone! I'm going."

Without a glance at his doll-wife he chattered down the stair; and, placing Diantha in Eve's arms with directions for both women to collect what they desired in the store, I followed.

"Hop in and I'll whirl you to the tractor shop," Frank announced.

He was whistling, and his vivid face radiated happiness. Away from Sibyl

he seemed a different fellow. Goodnature glowed from every feature, together with fear at my presence. Undoubtedly Frank had been man-lonesome and woman-surfeited. His every act was quick, nimble and able. He was now at the wheel, and when I touched my seat he shot along the asphalt at a speed which formerly would have landed him in the police court. But I saw that his hand was firm and his eye keen. Moreover, I found that his intimate knowledge of the city and his mechanical ability were of the greatest assistance.

We soon came to a depot supply of tractors intended for the West. The story of our getting them to the river slip and aboard a steamer of larger size than our gasoline boat is dull recital. I'll leave it at that. Next we returned to Eve and Sibyl at the department store. The first named directed us to furnishings she had appropriated for our home, while Sibyl stood over an extraordinary selection of pretty clothes and many luxuries.

"If I'm forced to the woods," she greeted Frank, "this is my luggage."

"Sure that's all?" inquired her husband.

His tone, to say the least, was caustic. Eve, with Diantha at her side, looked haggard with anxiety, but she smiled a welcome to me and made no complaint. Her duty was to keep home. On our larger steamer Frank looked to the engine, while I steered. But it was Eve who tended the furnace, and have stoked the little furnace than have our blessed home-peace disturbed by the constant presence of Sibyl's maid.

That second night on the water we lighted up and continued straight for, not Pentland, but Bonington. The morning sky darkly threatened, and by the time we sighted our own coast the air thickened to twilight. We hastily rowed the women and babe ashore in the yawl, then rigged a lighter for removing our valuable cargo. Frank worked like two men or a demon. By night every box and our precious machinery was covered by tarpaulin.

"Now, dove, she can blow and be blowed!" cried Frank. "Let 'er rip!"

The storm needed no bidding, for the blackened west already spit with lightning. We raced for the house, but a deluge of rain caught us after we climbed the bluff, and pelted us to the door.

"Say, Ward," cried Frank, addressing me by my surname without the Mister, "this looks like home!"

He gazed about the brilliantly lighted kitchen. Eve busied at the range, at Diantha sitting in her wicker carriage, and at Tommy preening on the windowsill. Sibyl had retired to escape his delight at our return.

"You can wash at the kitchen sink or in your room," I told him, with a laugh at his grimed face and hands. He was a slight, Machiavelli and cared little for him to a minstrel part, and I was little better off.

"No, your business for me," said he, plunging into the basin of water. "I'm elected choreboy. My environment is the kitchen."

When he pulled the plug I refilled the bowl and repeated his performance of lathering. He acquired complexion and removing it in a flood of tepid water. After that we sat down before one of Eve's delicious dinners of fresh vegetables, hot biscuits, plum preserves, grape jelly, cakes and coffee. Frank stared. I imagine that he was half-denied when served if not his dark eyes glistened with moisture.

"If you'd told me I wouldn't have believed such a meal possible," he said a bit unsteadily, "I'd thought you were stuffing me at the boys' home. Oh, for my great aunt! And we lived by a canopener!"

"And a corkscrew," cut in his wife.

"Under the circumstances who wouldn't?" Frank shot back.

His eyes twinkled, and he lifted glance noted that Eve wore blue cotton with the grace of a queen, while Sibyl looked dowdy in gold satin and lace. Her ashblonde hair was uncombed. Her babyblue eyes were puffed from weeping. She had donned the finery without care as to certain details. Frank eyed the garment and its wearer with positive malevolence. Then he forced back angry words and talked of the Great Happening.

"The world got what was coming," he declared. "It was rotten. Europe was all balled up in war; South and Central America were hatching revolutions; Mexico was rampant. Nobody but the Almighty could call a halt. And He did it. Wrapped the diseased earth in fire and brimstone. I smelled it. It was the one cure, Ward. Wasn't it?"

His black eyes burned the question into mine. I nodded. The subject was one we rarely broached. But Frank talked on with vigor and swift gesture, while his wife moodily munched her sponge cake and ate heavily of everything else.

Frank and I, at his insistence, washed up and put away both china and kitchen ware. Then we joined Eve and Sibyl in the parlor and began singing. Frank's voice was tenor, while his wife knew something of alto. The four voices formed a worth while quartet. We had found something of common interest.

Next morning, when we sat down to breakfast, Mrs. Cadwell was missing.

"Sib gets up about noon," Frank explained. He had been about since sunrise exploring the region and had gained a boy's appetite. His mood was gay. We laughed at his keen wit. For the first time that awful year our lone plight was forgotten. Then Sibyl, hearing the laughter and wishing to learn the cause, appeared in a white and pink negligee, mono, and Frank's vivacity perished.

"Coffee? No; I drink cocoa mornings," she told my wife, as the percolator was about to pour out her cup.

So Eve rose from her chair and proceeded to prepare our guest's favorite beverage at the kitchen range. Meanwhile her own drink cooled and the pancakes grew sodden. Indeed Sibyl discovered this and ordered fresh toast. By the time toast was added to the cocoa, Eve gave up breakfasting to attend Diantha, and I began to worry about her hours. That they were yet on the beach roused her to petulant wrath.

"Everything will be ruined," she declared.

"We'll have the trunks up before you finish breakfast," Frank told her, as Frank and I got up from the table.

But when we carried in the boxes we found an extra room was needed for Mrs. Cadwell's belongings. At the suggestion we moved Frank's bed to a rear apartment and this arrangement gave his wife more room for her trunks. Then for one day the occupant exhibited amazing energy. In her command furniture was moved about in bedrooms in favor of some downstairs piece she fancied. A deep-piled gold and brown rug Eve had discovered for dining room was requisitioned for Sibyl's extra dressing space. With astonishing deftness the girl disposed of her numerous belongings and closets, then called to Eve to bring up a broom and sweep away the litter.

"Mrs. Ward will do nothing of the sort," Frank told her.

His tone was emphatic. If I had not been within hearing I'm sure Sibyl would have heard more. But the glare of her husband's black eyes would have quelled a riot.

The peaceful happiness of our home was utterly destroyed by Sibyl's arrival like a private hotel. Neither Eve nor I expressed inhospitable sentiments, but I observed my dumb-show mimicry. But for Frank's savage restraint I am sure Sibyl would have ordered us about like slaves and demanded menial results she informed us we were social inferiors. Open resentment was impossible and knowing this Eve kept out of the guest's way when possible, and I was in the fields with Frank.

During that time we plowed and disked, sowed grain and planted seed. The tractors and other machines lightened our tasks, and Frank toiled with energy and late, with Frank ever in the lead. Whatever his faults might be, laziness was not among them. He was strengthening in moral strength; for, despite his loathing of Sibyl, he treated her kindly when alone with me, mentioned her name. He seemed to forget her existence. Both Eve and I found this refreshing. Without doubt it was the overflow of a starved heart. Nothing was too much trouble for his sweetheart. He worked all day in the field, and yet was fresh enough at sunset to lure me into a hard-fought game of tennis. Sibyl had no part in being of my set. I liked so well. We became almost inseparable. Eve laughingly named us David and Jonathan.

Both Frank and I were ignorant of agriculture, but Eve's practical knowledge set us right when in doubt. Her farming lore, her endless care of the always hatching broods, her gardening and housework affirmed Sibyl's early belief that my wife belonged to the peasant class. She was the drone of our hive. Servants she had known all her life since infancy, and she intended us workers to make her life endurable. Her manner was overbearingly insolent. Dark shadows formed beneath Eve's deep blue eyes. Her sweet face ceased to mirror smiling welcome to the boy and became a mask. Her soprano ceased to enliven the blue-and-white kitchen. Her supreme comfort was Diantha.

"Come, we'll slip away for an all day's fishing," I entreated, one glorious June morning. "We'll be off by dawn at sunrise."

"We deserve an outing."

After a moment's thought she consented. While Sibyl lay in bed in AM. I packed a lunch and started lakeward. Frank and Sibyl still slept; but, without expressing my intentions, I knew that each thought the ill-mated pair might exist one day unaided. Halfway to the shore we passed a white willow which revealed the nest of a partridge. Her leaf-made bed contained eight youngsters with bills agape. Many bird-call gladdened our hearts. Snow-white trillium starred the forest. Hepaticas nestled in hollows. Adder-tongue and squirrel-corn covered the marshy ground. We were at the sun-flushed lake that lay like a jewel in its setting of green hills.

"After all, God's in his heaven," said Eve; then, to my dismay, broke into passionate sobs. Not till that moment was I aware how nearly she had reached the breaking point. Instantly my arms closed about mother and child. "Forgive me, Adam-boy," she begged. "It's just the reaction after—"

"I'm a brute to permit it," I said, as she hesitated.

"No, no!" Eve hurriedly insisted. "We had to take her—with Frank. There was no other way."

"The situation can't last forever," I declared. "Brace up."

"At least we won't spoil our day thinking of it," said she, brightening. "There's lots to enjoy. Let's visit the beehives."

So we turned our backs on care and crossed to the big orchard where hives disgorged and received winged forms. The air was sweet with the scent of apple blossoms. Blue-jays, many robins and a meadow lark glinted among the trees, while white and red of gorgeous butterflies glittered across the clover. We forgot to fish, but wandered happily and idly about the place, until we stood by the stoutly built farmhouse that faced the lake.

"We might eat our lunch on the porch," said Eve. "What a friendly, delightful old home!"

For the first time in that eventful year our eyes failed to meet. We both coveted the rural quiet of that dwelling. Silently I considered what the effect might be on Sibyl. Here in Rockingdale and highest retreat St. Louis World's Fair—also winners of Gold Medal at Panama-Pacific Exposition. Roosevelt, Taft, Bryan, Hill—sent to your home for 10 Days' Trial without paying a cent. Have it in your home. Send no money until you have tried it. Then, if you decide to keep it, pay us at your convenience in small amounts, 1 cheque no interest. You take no risk and all is in your favor. Write for Adler's free catalog and our Factory-to-Home Offer. Don't delay. Send your name on a postcard or in a letter today. Address Adler Piano Co., 1000 Adler Piano Building, Chicago, Ill.

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service we held upon the anniversary of our deliverance from death. Frank and Sibyl were invited to accompany us, but declined. Both were the chilled product of an impious age. Yet Frank's splendid character would have gained balance by veneration for a Supreme Being. Belief would have softened and enriched his virile nature. Sibyl had belonged to a wealthy church whose members met under subdued lights in the warm, scented atmosphere of a Christian hothed. It was a social affair. Now, lacking motive, she preferred home and lazy inactivity.

"Now where?" I questioned, when we, with Diantha, regained our car after an hour in the chapel.

"To the big orchard." Eve decided, as I knew she would.

So we sped to the farm by the lake and again examined the house. It comprised an upright and ell, but porches squared the whole.

"That south wing would make a conservatory," I observed. "The end and part of the sides would be windows. Windows in a row would get on Alone, we'd be ready to move. Between sowing and harvest Frank and I found leisure for building. He threw the bricks and the work of setting in windows and building a north wing to the farmhouse; but one day he threw down his trowel and spoke of something that often crept into his thoughts.

"We've clumps for settling North," said he. "We ought to live across the snow line where we could use autos twelve months. Locomotive tracks are rusting. It's now or never."

"Could we manage a train?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "if we shorted coal we'll move any engine on the track."

I reminded him that such a journey at this time was out of the question. It was impossible even when we were scaring machinery in the big city of the lakes.

Strawberries were ripe when Sibyl lay marble-white in our own room downstairs in Eve Cottage. Her beauty and humanity that looked like a doll molded in wax. Frank, who had been distracted during the hour of Sibyl's death, became her slave. The ecstatic devotion he showered on his small son included his aunt. I think.

"He's a tiny chap to buck up against conditions, isn't he, Ward?" demanded Frank. "And think, Ward, he's heir to a brace of Carnegies, yet have to spade his living."

"Spading sod is what he needs," I prescribed. "It'll brown him like an Indian and plump him like a partridge. Just watch."

Sibyl, like many frail ones, unexpectedly rallied. At the same time Walter —nicknamed Wally—became a problem. Having presented him to the barren world Mrs. Cadwell considered her responsibility ended. Frank, of course, assumed the burden.

"Sick, Ward," he one day demanded. "It's time this youngster dined."

"Give him a bottle," Sibyl ordered. "He must want a bottle. I have had nothing. I won't be sacrificed. And it's the right way. It's the way my brothers and I were raised."

"And the habit stuck," flared Frank. "Never saw Ned or Art without a bottle, but the thing wasn't milk, believe me. It was killing them just as you'll kill our boy if you turn him off. Sibyl, don't risk it."

"Better risk his life than mine," moaned Sibyl, and lapsed into a fainting spell.

Sibyl's weapons of defense were swooning and weeping alike. To me, neither was exactly convincing. But they impressed Frank as being genuine. He ceased to trouble Wally's mother, and scoured the store basements for tinned milk. Much of it was in prime condition. And Eve compounded cereal drinks under my directions that kept Frank's son alive and added to his weight. But best by far was the fragile mite, and Eve flatly vetoed any idea of migrating South.

"It would finish Wally," she declared. "He needs bracing air."

With a Michigan winter in view we hastened our carpenters. By October we were painting the remodeled residence sheer white with trimmings of cardinal. No one would have recognized the former building. With its flower-filled conservatory, its many windows and porches and interior changes, it was a successful rival to Morningstar. This we discovered upon a golden October day when, as usual, Eve, with Sibyl and the babes, motored over to note progress.

"It's prettier than your place by that mournful lake," decided Sibyl. "That gives me the creeps. I can't endure the waves. So we'll take the farmhouse and leave you undisturbed."

That was Sibyl. Grasped what she coveted and flung herself a bouquet for being unselfish. My wife stared, colored, then laughed. It was up to us mentally to uproot ourselves from the home we fancied and accept our guest's decree. At least it saved us much trouble. Our fowls were comfortably established, and to move our share meant fitting up new quarters. Altogether we were content. Not so Sibyl. She demanded new furnishings of the costliest make for the new domicile, and this meant several trips to Parkland.

First Frank and I harvested our late vegetables, potatoes, squash, turnips, parsnips and others that filled our bins with these health-giving products. Then, having nothing else to do, we built wood and coal were needed for the furnaces, we set out with saws, axes and a telephone to Parkland. Here Frank, at long distance beyond Waverly we had nothing to delay us but slack or tangled phone wires. These were straightened and tested. At every station we talked with Eve and Sibyl. The latter, at each point, added to the already lengthy list of articles she wished Frank to secure at Parkland. Eve assured us that they were content and being alone. At the last exchange where we stopped she held Diantha to the transmitter and had her call Frank good-by. Then we sped shortly after nine. By ten o'clock we had cleared our track into the city and I again called Eve on the wire.

"We're getting on famously," Eve's clear voice informed me. "Now don't worry and hurry back. Get busy at loading and hurry back."

We obeyed her to the extent of securing a motor truck and piling both with what we selected from silent and musty stores, but some sixth sense seemed to warn me of a further delay. For months Sibyl's lists must be filled to the last item. Therefore I was not at all surprised when these was at a store beyond the dismantled saloon where I had discovered the feminine. Many days before Frank and I had discussed the meaning of that footprint. Now we entered the place and looked for further indications of a living dipsomaniac. Disorderly as the room had been at my first visit, it now was a chaos. Bottles and glasses littered bottles and a floor sodden with spilled liquors. Moreover the wood was wet damp. Many days had it lain dry. Whoever drenched the barroom with its choicest goods had been there within the space of the last twenty days. Horrified and shaken, I looked into Frank's white face with questioning eyes.

"It's a woman, Ward York," said he, "but the only man living except ourselves might wander here during eighteen months. And this has the mark of Mike Kelly."

With one accord we rushed to the street and began to load the truck. We had requisitioned from the city garage for speedy trips to distant stores. The engine was running. Frank threw in the clutch, as I gained my seat, and we darted for the long distance exchange. One thought filled my mind. Eve knew something was wrong. In a minute I was at the "Hello" girl's window calling my darling—and was answered.

"Help, for God's sake!" came the voice of my wife over one. "We are besieged by a maniac!"

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it, and have it come by your newsdealer. Today is a good time to attend to this.

❦ ❦ ❦

LOTS OF TROUBLE.

I think the laws of nature
Are cruel, to my best;
They drive and drive
While man's alive,
And will not let him rest.

They wake him when he's sleepy,
And force him out of bed.
And make him toil
To till the soil,
Because he must be fed.

He's always getting hungry;
I say it is not right.
Were nature kind,
Each man, you'd find,
Would need no appetite.

Then, too, his nails keep growing
And need to be shorn and hair;
They must be cut
And tended, but
I hold it is not fair.

Thus nature keeps us busy
Supplying her demands.
A man, you'll say,
Can have no fun
With nature on his hands!

❦ ❦

TOO NEIGHBORLY.

Deane had hardly had time to hang up his coat when the telephone bell rang.

"Gracious, there it goes!" said Mrs. Deane. "Will you answer it, please, Hal? My hands are in the biscuit dough."

"What was it?" she asked a little later, when he entered the kitchen.

"Oh, somebody who wished to let Miss Rockwell know that she would be fifteen minutes late to her music lesson tomorrow morning. I ran down to Mrs. Rockwell's flat and told her."

"I'm glad it was you this time," Mrs. Deane laughed. "I must say I've had about all the telephone messenger work I care for in one day."

"It's no more than neighborly to take a message to her now and then, Kate. She's a pretty little woman."

"Yes, she's a pretty little woman, all right," said Mrs. Deane. "And if it were only now and then I shouldn't object to playing messenger boy. But it seems to me that every time I start to do anything I am asked to stop, either to take some word to Miss Rockwell or to call her to the phone. I consider that she is overstraining the neighborly duty a little."

"I think you must be overtired tonight, my dear. It's not like you to show impatience over such a small matter," remarked Deane with a tender tolerance that he could not rather trying. "Will there be time for me to shave before dinner?"

"Yes, when the biscuits are baking. Ah, here's the 'phone again. Please answer it."

Mrs. Deane smiled as she heard her husband open the door of the flat and run downstairs after a word at the telephone. This time he did not return until his wife did not see him again until they sat down to dinner.

"Please pass me one of those brown boys, Kate," he said when he had carved. "Your biscuits are a trifle overdone, aren't they, my dear?"

"Overdone! Most of them were burned to a crisp. I thought we might manage to get through with the burned half—but quite so badly as the rest. It's certainly too annoying to have perfectly good material wasted in that way."

"Is the oven getting skittish?"

"The oven is all right, thank you. It's the telephone that's getting on my nerves. If you were shaving, so, of course, I had the pleasure of going down to Miss Rockwell. A new pupil had called and for an appointment. Miss Rockwell was rather undecided as to what answer to send. So I had to walk a little she went thru her schedule and by the time I had transmitted the message to the pupil the biscuits were—well, as you say, a trifle overdone. Not that I mind. It's a great privilege to be neighborly. And especially as she is such a pretty little woman."

"Now, you know what I meant by that, Kate. And we ought not to grudge a little trouble to one who invites under the same roof with us. But it is annoying, I'll admit, when there are biscuits in the oven. I shan't, however, that there won't be a repetition of the extreme telephone activity."

Those hopes were not realized. Deane's lips when the doorbell rang. There was a little twinkle in Mrs. Deane's eye when she watched her husband advance to the door, for she was familiar with the double ring that had just entered.

"I ran up to ask if I may telephone to my aunt, who isn't well, and Miss Rockwell at the moment the door was opened. "I had intended to run around and see her tonight, but I shall be tired after a busy day. So, if you don't mind, I'll just have a little chat with her over the 'phone."

Deane did not respond to the exceedingly sweet smile with which his wife beamed upon him when he resumed his place at the table. He appeared likewise to be too deeply engrossed in his dinner even to look her way, and silence reigned in the dining-room for a stream of telephonic nothings flowed steadily on in the hall and did not cease until after the Deanes had finished their meal.

"Now that I'm up here, I'll just ring up one or two other friends that I wish to speak to before I come home tired," cheerily.

"Go to it," answered Deane, in a tone that caused his wife to look at him reprovingly, but which did not dampen the ardor of their neighbor, who did not finish her telephone conversation until after Mrs. Deane, with her husband's assistance, had washed the dishes and set the kitchen and dining-room in order for breakfast.

"I hate to have you do this kind of work, Hal, when you come home tired," Mrs. Deane said protestingly.

"I'd much rather help you with the dishes than listen to what I suspect Miss Rockwell is indulging in," he replied.

Some time later Miss Rockwell finished.

"Thanks, so much," she called, as she hung up the receiver. "I don't know what I should do if it were not for your kindness."

"She may have to find out what she can do without it," remarked Deane, rather grimly after the door had closed behind her.

"Oh, don't take it too hard," said Mrs. Deane. "Very likely, as you say, there won't be another siege like this very soon."

"There won't be if I know myself. Great Scott, there's the 'phone again. I wonder if it can, by any chance, be for us."

"No, dear," answered Mrs. Deane in a moment. "It's for Miss Rockwell. Will you please just step downstairs and tell her that Miss Baker will not take her lesson tomorrow. She will call up Friday and arrange for another date."

"She will, will she?" muttered Deane, starting out of the room with heavy steps.

When he returned he sank into his own easy chair with an air of exhaustion and his wife looked at him questioningly.

"I delivered Miss Baker's message," he explained, "and then I inquired firmly but politely why she didn't have a telephone of her own. And what do you think that woman said?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"She said she had thought of it, but that a telephone is such a bother that she dreaded the interruptions. Isn't she the limit? If she doesn't move out of this building this spring, we shall. I can't stand her much longer."

"And she's such a pretty little woman, too," added Mrs. Deane, wickedly.

❦ ❦

Uncensored.

"Bob," said Uncle Dick, "I am surprised at you for getting into an argument. That's the most foolish thing in the world!"

"But I was right in my contention, and can prove it."

"Well, what if you were right? Being right is not as important as you seem to think. It doesn't always get you returns."

"But I wanted to show that fellow that I knew what I was talking about and that he was entirely wrong."

"You are not responsible for that fellow's state of knowledge. You should worry! I see people busy putting other people right all the time, but they never see me. I'll tell you first. Fountains of infallible knowledge never were popular with me.

"Flintsky knows everything, and he has everything right, even down to the smallest detail. If he says anything no one argues with him first, because he is usually right, and, second, because if you say he is wrong you have a fight on your hands.

"We fellows who are usually wrong are not at all sensitive if any one tells us we're wrong. We thank the informant. We have been wrong lots of times before and know by experience that it doesn't hurt a bit. We have never noticed a permanent injury from being wrong. We survived all right and lived to be wrong again. If a man tells me I'm wrong I look at it?

"But Flintsky thinks being wrong is a terrible affliction, from which one can never recover. He's always pointed out to you by Flintsky is not greatly to be desired, either. You can't imagine how we fellows who are usually mistaken and are constantly having things proved to us hate the wise guys who take the trouble to set us right.

"Whenever I see a man reaching for his atlas or dictionary or some other concealed weapon of warfare I stamp him at once as the worst type of roughneck, boor, cad and hitchhiker I see.

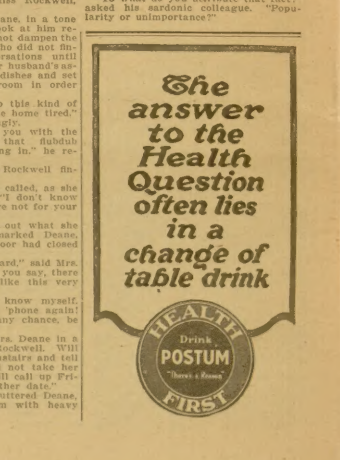
"Such men find themselves shunned by everybody. They can seldom get into a conversation with me while my usually mistaken fellows argue among each other on subjects about which we know nothing. Nobody has to refuse the semblance of censorship. No authority is ever admitted into our conferences. No one who knows anything is really eligible for our confabs, nor could he enjoy it if he did get into it. To know everything about everything is to die of loneliness. You might as well live on a desert island for all the companionship you will ever get under such a stigma."

❦ ❦

Which?

"I can truthfully say," remarked the Petrograd official, "that nobody ever threw a bomb at me."

"To what do you attribute that fact?" asked his sardonic colleague. "Popularity or unimportance?"



Colonel Wade's Daughter

Or, The Stolen Birthright

By Marquis James

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CHAPTER XXV.

NEXT morning Sturgis found Patrice alone at Wade Hall. The Colonel had ventured from the plantation for the first time since his return. His recuperated strength permitting, he had journeyed to the house of a neighboring planter on a matter of business, and was not expected to return until late that evening. Patrice extended her visitor a cordial welcome and urged him to await her father's return.

"My father feels his gratitude deeply," the girl said. "He would be sorely disappointed if he heard you were here and he had not seen you."

Sturgis regretted he would be unable to prolong his visit. Pressing matters called him back to New Orleans almost forthwith. Without further words he made a clean breast of his mission. He had come to ask Patrice to marry him. He did ask her—spoke the important words within ten minutes after he had arrived, as they were seated on the broad gallery.

"My!" gasped Patrice, flushing scarlet. "You are precipitous, indeed! You fairly take my breath away!"

Yet her words carried no reproach, only honest astonishment at the suddenness of the ardent petition. Sturgis, however, was not learned in the ways of women. He was a man, and, essentially. He missed the situation.

"I am pressed for time, little one," he apologized, startled at his own boldness. "Barely could steal the opportunity to run up here," he added by way of further explanation.

The unfortunate words were as a match to a fuse. Patrice's eyes were afire in an instant.

"So!" she flashed. "What considerations have you, my busy man, that take precedence over your asking for a wife? Pray, do not for the instant allow thought of me to interfere with or disconcert your orderly apportioning of the greater moment. Indeed, I should be distracted at the thought that matters of real importance should lie neglected while you 'steal time' to honor me with declarations of affection. Oh, sir, I beseech that you dispatch that business which has first claim on your attentions, and then return to the less material enterprise of courtship!"

But a twinkle of mischievous merriment had replaced the flame of anger in her eye.

Sturgis, stung to helplessness by the recollection of his appalling blunder, renewed his stammering apology.

"No efforts at amends, please," countered Patrice, raising a warning forefinger. "I understand your position perfectly. Words will only serve the purpose of confusion."

"Patrice! Patrice, hear me!" It was the voice of desperation, almost despair. "Send me away! Send me to exile for any period you may name—a week, a month, a year! Only grant me that some day, when by my conduct I shall have atoned, I may return and confess anew my love."

"Quite needless," assured Patrice. "Besides, your time is far too valuable to waste in lovelorn banishments or quests of love. But speaking seriously: I have no thoughts of marriage. My first duty is here—at home with my father."

Her last words lent an almost solemn seriousness to her tone.

"Please hear my story," persisted Sturgis.

"I am about to be sent away," continued Camden. "Transferred, you know. That is what led me into the unhappy statement that my time is not my own. I am to go into the diplomatic service. International work, splendid promotion. The capitals of Europe will be my field, Patrice, I love you. May I hope to take you with me?"

"Leaving on the evening train, I presume," she commented crisply.

"Still a target for your cruel shafts!" sighed Camden. "Please relent, Patrice —Patrice, I—Patrice, I love you! I love you!"

Sturgis was on his knees at her feet. He grasped her slender hand in his and pressed it to his lips.

"Won't you go?" he whispered.

Patrice freed her imprisoned hand, but not without a little struggle.

"In the diplomatic service," she observed, "you will have much to learn."

But her tone was without the sting the words imply.

"Don't! Don't!" entreated Camden. "Provided you are not ousted the first day," Patrice concluded, endeavoring to ignore the entreaty.

Sturgis rose and without a word walked away. The girl watched him as far as the gallery steps.

"Wait!" She left her chair and started toward her dismissed suitor. Sturgis paused, but without glancing back. Patrice came up behind him. For a brief moment she stood there, as if waiting for Sturgis to speak. The man, however, did not so much as turn his head. Heedlessly, Patrice laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"Wait," she repeated. "Let's part friends. I did not mean all I said. Let us sit here," she added, indicating the freshly scrubbed whiteness of the stone steps which led from the gallery to the walk.

They were seated, and Sturgis turned expectantly to th girl.

"Forgive me, Camden," she began meekly. "I did not mean to injure your feelings. Forgive me, if I hurt you. I have spoken too hastily, but not seriously. But, can you see you are asking the impossible? I cannot leave this place. My duty is here with my father. You are a brave, gallant man. I wish all fortune you for your love. I am proud to be able to claim it. Everything I have I owe to you. God forbid I should be guilty of one unpardonable sin—ingratitude. I admire your courage and your strength. Enter the diplomatic service. It is your golden opportunity. Go away—far away —and forget. You are a man, you can—forget. Think of your career. Think of a name, fame, adventure, career! Your life is a mansion of many doors! I am not a man. With me it is different. My future lies here."

Her final words were toneless. With a languorous motion of her hand she indicated the mansion and its grounds, the quarters and the fields about. A lovely prison, but prison nevertheless.

"And now," she held her hand out to Sturgis, who took it and raised it to his lips. "I bid you Godspeed and farewell!"

"Patrice!"

"It is not because I do not love you."

"Patrice! Patrice! Do——"

"Go! Go! Please go!"

The girl struggled on the brink of an emotional abandon. Then, "I am a selfish derelict in a maelstrom of sentiment," she answered.

"Patrice, then you do——" he faltered.

In desperation the girl stripped a locket from about her neck. She thrust it into Camden's hand.

"Take it!" she cried. "A keepsake of friendship. A token of a girl's eternal gratitude. Good-by!"

She rose and precipitously fled into the house.

For some minutes Sturgis did not stir. He sat where Patrice had deserted him, lost in a bewildering labyrinth of feeling, mechanically toying with the locket.

Presently, as if brightening under the impetus of a sudden idea, he straightened to his feet, and slipping the golden treasure into his pocket, made off. He called for his horse, flung himself into the saddle, and, with abruptness that startled the negro who gallooped thru the gate, was off and up the road.

Sturgis took a train, not back to New Orleans, but to Baton Rouge, the state capital, where he had an unexpectedly assumed but important commission to perform.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STURGIS reached New Orleans late that night and repaired at once to his home, where he had a bed without delay. It had been a strenuous day.

He was abroad early next morning and downtown by the time his engagement with Crown. The veteran detective celebrated his last day in the service by arriving at his office promptly at his accustomed hour—eight o'clock. Sturgis was waiting.

"Well, young man," greeted Crown. "On hand bright and early, I see. Reached a decision regarding that matter of which you spoke Thursday?"

"I have," replied Sturgis.

"Have a seat and tell me about it."

"It won't be long," said Sturgis. "There isn't much to tell."

Crown regarded the young man with perplexity.

"Well?" he said.

"I cannot accept the offer," replied Camden. "Time was given, I thought, of thought, and hope you will not think me inconsiderate of your kindness. Unreckoned-for contingencies have interposed themselves, so that it would not be advisable to undertake a task that would carry me out of the country."

"That, of course, was up to you," returned Crown. "There are things a man must decide for himself. I thought, however, that with your youth and education and all such a job might appeal to you, but there is plenty of reward for brains right here at home. Keep pegging right along, young fellow, the service needs such as you are."

"Chief, it is with many regrets that I take the step," announced Sturgis, "but I am going to leave the service."

"You're what?"

"I'm going to take up the practice of law, for which I was educated. I've thought it all out, and have come to the conclusion that it is best. I took my examination for admission to the bar in Baton Rouge yesterday. Furthermore, I passed. I was nervous on that score, I tell you. Chief, I've made my decision as regards that particular point rather suddenly, and when I took the test I hadn't looked inside a commentary for two years. It was my criminal law that pulled me thru."

"Say, young man, I thought——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Crown, but I know just what you think," forestalled Sturgis. "You think that now as I am just getting into the spirit of the work it is strange that I should leave it. And you are right. It is strange. Matters took an unanticipated turn. A week ago if any one had told me I was to take this course I would have called it a lie."

"Shan't say another word," concluded the chief, well aware that Sturgis was concealing a motive. "But inclined to pry into his affairs. Were it not his last day in the service it might have been different. Young man has his own life to live and his own problems to solve," he added. "If you're ready, just sit down and write out your resignation, and I'll accept it as one of my last official acts."

A few minutes later witnessed the transformation. Detective Sturgis became Camden Sturgis, attorney-at-law.

"In my surprise over your action just now I almost forget to mention," said Crown, as Sturgis was about to take his leave, "that an interesting development in the Wade case came to light this morning."

"Yes?" said Sturgis, expectantly.

"Did you notice a paragraph in the morning papers about a woman's body being found in a swamp in St. Bernard parish?"

"Yes, the Times-Picayune made quite a mystery of it."

"Well, it is a mystery no longer. The

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body was that of Eloise Wade. One of my men identified it today. She must have wandered out there during a mental lapse. Rather an unpleasant way to die."

Sturgis agreed that it was.

Three days later the house in Fortier street was closed, and Camden's mother had returned to her old home in Ohio. Sturgis was left to settle affairs, detailing incident to his preparation to establish himself as a lawyer in his chosen field. This chosen field was Acadia, Rapides parish, Louisiana.

Attorney Sturgis leased a suite of rooms over the First National Bank—a most pretentious business edifice—a two-story brick—and moved in his newly acquired belongings. An oil sphick and span the new place was, with a glass-topped desk, Oriental rugs, mahogany table and chairs, bookcases containing impressive rows of calf-skin-bound volumes—the best the shops of New Orleans afforded—the Princeton diploma and certificate of admission to the Louisiana bar adorned the walls. The stage was set for the second act of the drama of the Great Adventure.

A sign writer came up from New Orleans and lettered this legend on each window:

"CAMDEN C. STURGIS

"Lawyer."

Thus intrenched to lay siege to the heart of Patrice Wade, Sturgis executed a strange maneuver. He abandoned his office after a clientless forenoon, escaped a sudden shower and walked down the east road which led to Wade Hall.

He passed George, the field hand, plowing by the roadside, and the sight lightened the negro's countenance. He was singing as he worked, after the fashion of his race—happy, that is, when things were, because of the return of "Massa Cunnel." The negro nodded grinning recognition to Sturgis as he passed, and been under the administration of Henri, were deplorably involved.

But that was not what concerned the Colonel most. It was Patrice that worried him. The girl appeared unhappy. True, she never complained. In fact, she did her best to keep up cheerful appearances, but the eyes of a father are sharp, and words are weak when the sigh can speak volumes. For a week the girl had been herself.

Could it be that a man shrank from the thought. But one course remained open now—to bring the settlement on the old home place. Without his little girl to cheer His declining years a life would be unbearable. Yet to blight a young life——

In his preoccupation the Colonel did not notice a strange horseman who rode unannounced thru the porte-cochere, turned over his mount to a stable boy and started across the lawn to join the Colonel.

Colonel Wade did not catch sight of his visitor until he set foot upon the gallery steps.

"Good evening, Colonel."

"Ah, Mr. Sturgis!" greeted the Colonel, in delighted surprise, rising and hastening by none too steady steps to greet his caller. "Welcome, thrice welcome, indeed, to Wade Hall! As I remarked to my daughter this morning, sir, we had begun to wonder if you had forgotten us."

The men clasped hands warmly. Colonel Wade beamed on his guest, now touched with the punctilio of the old school.

Sturgis said something about having been very busy. The Colonel's remark, the import of which was not quite clear, had taken him rather by surprise. Could it be that Patrice had said nothing of his recent visit to Wade Hall?

"My daughter said she had heard something about your going away on a diplomatic mission, it appears, to a foreign country," added the Colonel, as he led the way into the house. "Let us hope it is but a rumor. I should regret indeed, sir, to learn that you are to leave us."

"Well, I did think something of leaving for a time," replied Sturgis, guardedly. A foreign post was offered me, but after thinking it over I declined."

"Then you are not going? Why, I am right pleased to hear of it, for sure. You remain in New Orleans, then?"

"No," returned Sturgis. "I have resigned from the Government service and am practicing law."

"Practicing law!"

"And opened my office in Acadia today."

"You—what! Oh, you are jesting, to be sure."

"On the contrary, Colonel," said Camden, "I am serious enough. You see, I was educated for the law—Princeton—and went into the secret service rather as a diversion. I had my fling and now am prepared to settle down to serious work."

"And in casting about for a likely spot for a young lawyer to establish himself and build up a lucrative practice you selected Acadia, did you?" Excuse me, sir, if I enjoy a laugh at your expense."

And the Colonel did laugh—heartily—and apparently with immense enjoyment.

"My dear Colonel," replied Sturgis, smiling, "you will laugh on the other side when the whole situation clear to you. I realize Acadia is no bustling metropolis. But I have a modest estate to live on, and I'll not be dependent upon my fees altogether. I like your country here. There is a quiet charm about the place, the village and the countryside that has come to fascinate me. Besides, I am woefully behind in the practice of the law, and the bar examination is a mystery. I intend to devote the next year to reading and sort of taking root and absorbing some of the congeniality this environment imparts."

"You speak as a young man in love!" ejaculated the Colonel, innocently, apparently overlooking the blush his words brought to the face of his guest. "But have a mint julep, and we shall drink to your success."

Uncle Cuffy appeared as if by the promptings of magic, disappeared and presented himself again bearing two frosted julips. Colonel Wade, on the sudden had lapsed into thoughtful silence, and expressed unctuous sentiments retouching his countenance. He received his glass gravely, made to raise it to his lips, paused, then set it down untasted before he spoke. Camden had fallen to watching his host wonderingly.

"Well," the Colonel spoke up, rousing himself from his reverie, at length, "here is to success, sir, to second lawyer—Judge Pemberton's only rival. To his health and prosperity. May the congeniality of these surroundings and the system that he cannot live without it!"

Judge Pemberton—hitherto Acadia's sole representative of the bar—was a courtly old gentleman, indeed, presided over no court of law, his title notwithstanding. He was the keeper of the social archives of the parish.

"Young man," said he, leaning forward and there with a hand on Camden's knee, "it warms the cockles of my heart to hear one speak of this country here as you have spoken. I believe in its prosperity. No wonder; the garden spot of the earth is Louisiana. And Rapides is the fairest of all the parishes. Why, I was born right in this house. It has been my home all my life. Good fortune always attended me here. Trouble came only when I strayed away, seeking the minareted cities which gild the horizon of ambition.

"This old plantation and I are kinfolks. I remember it first in the bloom that was the South's before the war. A land of peace, plenty and contentment. Then the storm came. My father and my two older brothers went off to the army, and the second year of the war I went, too, the stripling that I was. I was the sole male member of my family to come back. And what a sight greeted my eyes on my return! Fields laid waste, the whole region despoiled. My beloved South crushed and overwhelmed. Then came the dark days of the reconstruction—but you are a Northern man, and I mean no offense, for I bear the North no umbrage.

By degrees the spirit of our people returned; they threw off the yoke and gradually welcomed back prosperity. Then, finally, came to me, my life. I sought wealth and won it. I wandered far from these peaceful surroundings. In this manner I found my sorrow, of which you know. And now, an old man, full of years and bent with many burdens, I return as a prodigal. I am back where I belong. With what memories and what regrets and what serene anticipations my heart is filled as these fields again! Ah, it soothes my heart."

The Colonel paused, as if dwelling on the psychological echo of his own reflections.

"I shall not weary you with an old man's story," he resumed, after a time. "I was getting to this. My affairs are too much for me. I need help. I need a young man of energy and spirit, and one who feels a friendship for these surroundings to relieve me of active charge of my estate. Judge Pemberton and I in New Orleans looked after my business, but my New Orleans connections are severed. I am embarrassed, and the debt I already owe you is greater than ever I can pay, may I therefore seek to add to the obligation already due by engage your services as sort of confidential secretary and manager of my estate? Come and live at Wade Hall and be one of its people."

"Oh, papa, look what——"

Patrice, recovering herself sufficiently, advanced shyly and held out her hand. Sturgis took it, and endeavored to assure her with a glance.

Patrice took her place beside her father's chair, and put an arm about his neck. Her outward calm masked a heart fluttering with excitement. What was the meaning of this visit? A thousand times she had regretted her part in the painful episode of the week past. Yet she had been justified, surely, and had striven earnestly to conceal all trace of her distress. But had her father divined?

"Mr. Sturgis," her father began, addressing his daughter, "is not going to Cuba. He has left the Government service and is practicing law in Acadia. I have induced him to come and make his home with us. I am going to retire, and Mr. Sturgis will have active direction of the place."

"Father!"

"Your father rather overstates the case, my dear," hastily added Camden, trying to clarify the situation. "He had only asked me to assist him in a legal capacity, as I understood it, but before I had time to answer he began to plan——"

"Perhaps my announcement is somewhat premature," admitted Colonel Wade. "But you accept?"

"If it is your wish I should." Camden questioned Patrice with his eyes.

The Colonel saw his daughter's face flush. Her eyes drooped. The glad look that had brooded there for days. The light of love was in them! In that short minute the Colonel saw more than he pretended to see.

"We shall consider the matter closed, then," announced the Colonel, "and now what I would like to know is, where, Patrice, did you get authority for the statement that Mr. Sturgis ever had any intention of going to Europe?"

Patrice and Camden again exchanged quick glances. The Colonel's eye was as alert as either of theirs.

"Him!" he coughed, perfunctorily, rising and his chair. "These young people will excuse me I'll be off about the stable to see to that little driving mare I've been wanting to buy for you, Patrice. I fear I've raised a question that you young folks best can settle among yourselves—and alone."

The Colonel's form had scarcely disappeared thru the doorway when Patrice turned to Sturgis.

"Camden," she implored, almost breathlessly, "is it true?"

"Yes," he whispered, answering collectively the hundred unspoken interrogatories that quivered on her lips.

Patrice dropped her eyes and began tracing patterns on the floor with the toe of her slipper.

"Patrice!"

He held out his arms. She hesitated for just a moment, then surrendered herself to his crushing embrace.

The End.

Hospitable.

"People who live in the country have no business having guests," declared the man with the bundle of garden seed.

I agreed the conductor, "they haven't."

"We had the darndest flood you ever saw the last time company came to our house. The first guest stepped into a puddle that came over his shoe tops. He borrowed a pair of my socks. The second fellow stepped in water up to his waist and borrowed socks, trousers and undershirt. And the time the fourth man arrived I had already provided my last sock, my last undergarment and my last pair of trousers, excepting my wedding pants."

"Wedding pants?" inquired the conductor. "I thought you said you were married in all this time, have you?"

"Oh, no, not the trousers I was married in! They were about the size to grow into a suit for my boy. This was a pair of trousers I had pressed to wear to my nephew's wedding which was scheduled for the following day. I didn't want to spoil the crease the cleaner had put in 'em, so I carefully folded them up nicely in tissue paper and pins and things. 'Here,' I said to my guest, 'take these. They are the only trousers I have left in the house. They are my wedding pants, but you can have them.' But the man was crazy when he put 'em on.

"By the time all the guests arrived it looked as if I would have to go to bed. But I dried the socks and put their own socks and put them on again. Most of the men wore my socks away, however, when they left at an early hour."

"Were yours good traders?" inquired the conductor, anxiously. "Seems to me that I've got a pair of socks that no one could easily get some pretty good quality in exchange, for most men go out to dine well socked."

"Yes," responded the man with the garden seed. "My socks were cotton, but they were good all the way round a pair to wear to the wedding the next day and hadn't a thing. While the wedding guests were intact in their wedding socks."

"And so you got out of going to the wedding," suggested the conductor.

"No, I did not."

"You wore a pair of your wife's stockings," remarked the conductor.

"I did," responded the man with the bundle of garden seed, "and got that wet darned and darned. In fact they were the darndest pair you ever saw! Talk about hospitality!"

And the man with the bundle of garden seed hurried off the car.

If you steal another man's good story and tell it yourself better than he did you establish a valid title to the yarn. If you spoil it in telling you double the original offense.

Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that thousands who wear Lenses there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says after trying it, 'I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without my glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain me so that I feared they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me.' Any lady who used it says: 'The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses.' It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here's the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start, and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take this chance at once before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been spared the calamity had their eyes in time.

Bon-Opto is a prominent Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. The efficient ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold in Chicago by the Independent Drug Co., Buck & Rayner, the Public Drug Co. and other druggists.

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NO SATIN WORLD.

This is not a satin world where everything goes smooth,
No tent upon a silver shore nor yet an Orient booth.
This world is plain rag carpet, with some calico to boot,
And if it does not please us we will have to make it suit.

It's not all pleasant sailing on this ocean of our life,
For storms are always breaking and the deeps are stirred with strife.
It's quite a windy planet, with some thunder and some rain,
But, oh, how sweet its solace if we only bear its pain!

Some think it's velvet brussels all along the daily road,
With naught but song and gladness and no bearing of the load,
It's not all woven tapestry by any means till you,
Have borne your share of sorrow as the Lord ordains you to.

It's just a cornbread country, and the cake we eat we wind
By sacrifice and service and a daily fight with sin.
So don't object about the roses while the garden's full of weeds,
And somewhere there's a brother with a heart that aches and bleeds!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

HORRORS OF FASHION.

"I have been downtown," Loretta said wearily as she sank into the Morris chair. "And I have come home perfectly discouraged."

"You must have bought that 'extra' about that invasion from Juarez and Tia Juana," her brother said. "I saw the headlines."

"It isn't war," Loretta declared. "It's only warring colors that bother me. I went down to look for hats and a spring suit and I have brought back only a lot of samples of all the hideous colors known. The theory is that the manufacturers have a lot of dyes left on their hands and have to use them all up now that they become stale."

"Possibly the warring colors are the result of experiments in America," her brother suggested. "I'm told our people up in the woods have been trying to make dyes out of herbs, I suppose. According to the reports the color schemes in the woods are always digging herbs."

"I looked at hats first," Loretta said. "I saw them in bright and startling greens, vivid purples, mottled yellows, streaked reds and fearful pinks, and then I saw them all the colors at once. Some had painted crowns and some had embroidered brims and some had real, natural blue feather dusters, but they all tried to get all the possible colors on in all the most brilliant shades. I looked at them until I was speechless."

"They must have been awful."

"And then I decided I'd use my dark brown hat that is left over from last year," Loretta went on. "So I went over to the suits and gowns and stood next to a fat woman in a wide red and green plaid coat to be waited on. They showed me a suit that looked like the stained glass that we children used to paint—remember?"

"My artistic work was really wonderful in a child of my age," her brother said loftily. "Probably you allude to your own."

"Probably I allude to both," Loretta laughed. "I don't mind saying that I made a design for a book cover when I was in school, and the drawing teacher who couldn't draw at all whether I had intended it for wall paper or had spilled my paints by accident."

"The tragedies of youth."

"Well, I gave the suit just one look," Loretta went on, "and told the salesperson that I wanted something quiet. The next one she showed me was a green suit with lemon-colored cuffs and collar, and when I told her I didn't like that she sighed and brought out a mustard-colored one with purple trimmings."

"I saw somewhere that a mustache braid was going to be used," her brother said. "I don't usually read fashions, but they were then I went to a financial column and I lost my place and read as far as that before I noticed that I was in the right church but the wrong pew. Now I am glad I remembered it to help you."

"She brought out dozens of others," Loretta continued. "But they got worse and worse. Almost every single one had some sort of deformed pockets or a collar or cuffs in some horrible shade of some impossible color that nobody will ever find becoming."

"What do they care as long as it's the latest thing?"

"I went over to the silk sweaters then," Loretta sighed. "But I saw all I wanted of them as they lay on the counter. Some of them were trying on a bright green one with red trimmings and yellow buttons and I heard her friends call her shrieks. I can't stand that."

"If her friends were pleased it was all right."

"It's been worrying me all the way home," Loretta confessed. "And I have been wondering how we are going to stand it when all the fat and yellow women are wearing these awful colors. It's going to be like a nightmare."

"Don't you mean a scream?"

"No, because it isn't funny," Loretta said, gathering up her wraps to go to her room. "The I suppose people with good taste are going to look all the nicer because we have bad taste."

"Seems to me that's the point," chuckled her brother. "Every woman is quite conscious of her own taste in perfect, no matter what the rest of you wear."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Considerable Rat.

"When it comes to a fight I always bet on the fellow that has no reputation," said the bo'n. "That is because I know a reputation is the whole thing in music and art and literature. Invent to a concert once and hear a fellow with a reputation sing. Every one said it was great, but it wasn't. Whenever I come to a story that is particularly punk I always know it's going to be great and it did it. No one knows whether such things are good or not unless there is a reputation to go by, but when you're fighting it's different. There has to be a showdown.

"I remember a man in Java who had a ferret. Everybody used to stand back from the ferret as if it was a buzzsaw, and they used to bet on it while it was eating them alive. According to reputation that ferret could kill rats in its sleep. The fellow with the ferret was willing to bet that his ferret could kill more rats than two cats.

"This angered a fellow who owned a cat. The cat's owner said that his cat had already licked nine dogs and a camel, and that he could kill rats while eating them alive. According to reputation that ferret could kill rats in its sleep. The fellow with the ferret was willing to bet that his ferret could kill more rats than two cats.

"This angered a fellow who owned a cat. The cat's owner said that his cat had already licked nine dogs and a camel, and that he could kill rats while eating faster than a couple of ferrets.

"Then I told them both that there was a rat aboard the vessel, that I had some rat, and that if they were looking for a rat I'd get a trap for the rat and the bet would be off.

"They agreed, and the next night the man took the cat to the hotel and I took my rat in a big cage. When the cat was put down on the barroom floor he looked around for a fight, but when the ferret was put down he looked around for something to eat.

"Then I set the cage between the cat and the stepladder. The rat was running around in the cage like a sprocket in a runaway hand car bed, and when I pressed the spring he came out of the trap like one of those jokes where you press a spring and a pill in the nose by something that jumps out of the box.

"The rat hit the ferret. The ferret said 'Squeak!' and away he flew, the rat after him. Then the cat saw the cat. The cat was soon scrambling up a post, nervous.

"All the spectators were on top of the bar by that time, all except me. I had climbed up to the scantling near the ceiling and pulled the stepladder up after me.

"The rat showed his teeth in a kind of sneering way and then crawled off. I suppose he went back to the Sue.

"Anyway, he's gone into the fight without any reputation. And I always bet on the fellow who has a rep to make just on account of that little happening."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Saving the Property.

"That reminds me," smilingly remarked Congressman Henderson M. Jacoway, of Arkansas, as the conversation turned to talk topic switched to railroad incidents.

"Some time ago a rather young person of the Algernon Percy type was traveling on one of the thru trains, insisted on raising the car window and shoving his head far out into the flying scenery. Time and time again the conductor warned him of his danger, but the cautioning words availed nothing.

Finally, after the train had gone some twenty miles farther, the conductor again returned and gave his attention to Algernon.

"Pardon me," he politely remarked, touching the youth on the shoulder, "but this time I am compelled to insist that you keep your head within the car."

"Is that so?" was the grinful rejoinder of Algy. "May I ask why?"

"Certainly," came the cold, hard blow of the conductor. "We are coming to a bridge, and I don't want the girders damaged."

A LOVER'S ENVY.

I envy every flower that blows
Along the meadow where she goes;
And every bird that sings to her
And every breeze that brings to her
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That stirs her heart at eventime;
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest blooms, and bears for her
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tires;
I only ask to live for her,
I only ask to give to her
All that her heart desires.

—Henry van Dyke.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Right Shade.

Mrs. Blank had in her employ a colored maid who belonged to a "funeral club," which binds all its members to attend every funeral of a member upon receipt of notification. One morning Dinah asked for time that afternoon to attend a funeral, and Mrs. Blank, knowing that Dinah would have to pay a fine if she did not have a relevant reluctant consent. At the appointed hour Dinah's mistress saw her come down the stairs, ready to go out. To Mrs. Blank's horror Dinah was dressed in a bright scarlet dress with a large scarlet willow plume on her hat, and a red parasol in her hand.

"Why, Dinah, I thought you were going to a funeral," said Mrs. Blank.

"Yes, I'm going to the funeral," said Dinah.

"But you ought not to wear red to a funeral," said Mrs. Blank. "You ought to be dressed entirely in dark dress!"

Dinah poked the toe of her shoe with her parasol and meditated a moment, and then said: "Well, I reckon I won't go back and change now, I'll just wear this."

Some three weeks after this Dinah approached her mistress and told her that she was going to leave, because she was going to be married. Mrs. Blank expressed her astonishment, saying that she didn't know Dinah even had an admirer. Dinah simpered, and twirled the corner of her apron and said: "No, I didn't have one until just lately! Does you remember that funeral I went to one time when I wore my red dress? Well, missus, dat shade of red done knocked the eye of de corpse's husband!"

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When you tackled the bare-backer's stunts?
Mounted horseback, you were king of the clowns of old Rome.
Where are you now, Ben Bolt?

An Old Seaman's Yarn.

"Did I ever tell you the tale, sir of —the rate on the Mary Ann? how we nestled their tails to catch 'em and slaughtered them to a man—all except one hoary varmint, a wily old bundle of craft, who, when we had dodged the nasty pur's paw to 's nose and leaded

"Then we had 'em, sir, two nicely and all of us crowded round—did 's give all the game? if you say, sir?—not a bit of it, you be bound. No, 's jumped on the deck pail, blow me" And taking a mighty leap he landed on top of a sea gull wot was swimmin' the vasty deep.

"They fought for a season, sir, but the rat was at 'er throat, an' when 's had killed 'er, survivor, 's turned to lato a bont. Yus, 's lifted 'er right wing angelic, as a sail for to catch the breeze, and rowed with the left to the shore, sir. Wot's mine? Oh, old and mild, please!"

Windows Should Be Open.

One evening the good minister of a certain church was eloquently addressing his congregation on the beauty of leading an upright life when he suddenly paused, glanced around the building and looked pained to the extreme.

"Jones," said he, as the sexton approached the pulpit, "open a couple of windows on each side of the church, please."

"Beg pardon, sir?" returned the sexton, with a look of surprise. "Do I understand you to say 'Open the windows?'"

"You do," was the cold, hard rejoinder of the minister. "It is not healthy to sleep with the windows shut!"

TOPLINERS.

Bareback Bill? Behold him pose,
Quicker than a preacher counts,
Two somersaults and chases.
"Change 'em mount to paramount!
Now he'll try to ride 'em double—
Fellow title, prepare for trouble!

Next we have bold Theodore
(Hats his enemies alive),
Reddest blooded carnivore,
Leader of the lads who strive
(T.'s not feeling very hearty
Since he had dinner on top of a sea-
gull wot was swimmin' the vasty deep).

They fought for a season, sir, but the rat was at 'er throat, an' when 's had killed 'er, survivor, 's turned to lato a bont. Yus, 's lifted 'er right wing angelic, as a sail for to catch the breeze, and rowed with the left to the shore, sir. Wot's mine? Oh, old and mild, please!"

Here's our greatest President,
William T.—speak not in haste—
Please observe that what we meant
By "greatest" is 'round the waist!
William keeps the balance steady
'Twixt Mild Willie and Tough Teddy.

Lastly, here's the ole's star,
Wanderer, who with wife unfurled,
Gave all precedents a jar,
Even "Hail" head-waited the world
He whose rabbit is a beagle;
And whose dove of peace an eagle!

Teacher—"Now, Polly, will you tell me what a myth is?"

Polly—"Teth, ma'am. It ith a woman who hath not got a huthband."

Could Do Better.

The late John Philip Quinn, who for twenty years traveled all over America exposing the electric roulette wheel and other cheating devices used in gambling, had a reform story that he would tell while exhibiting his queer paraphernalia in his private car.

"Don't be afraid of reform," he said. "Help every poor fellow who wants to reform. That's the way most preachers get a start. Why, I've known a dozen men to reform since I've been in this car.

"You stopped smoking because she asked you to?" was the question put to a solemn-looking chap.

"Yes."

"And you stopped swearing because she asked you to?"

"Yes."

"And you gave up your poker parties and went into refined, serious society for the same reason?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"And yet you never married her."

"Well, you see, after I'd reformed like that, I found I could do better."

A Great Flatterer.

"Does your wife pay you any compliments?" asked Frederick Jimson of his friend Sonderley.

"Never," replied Sonderley.

"Well, mine does; she flatters me."

"Oh!"

"Yes, yes, frequently—particularly in winter. She flatters me then."

"Why does she flatter you so much in the winter?"

"Whenever she coul fire needs replenishing she points to the fireplace and says, 'Frederick, the grate.'"

Habit.

"I want three eggs and hot cakes with them ham-mister. I am hungry—I am hungry now. Jupiter! I have a headache!"

"In a minute, sir."

Confession.

Jones—"What, Brown, should we do after marriage? Where is your will power?"

Newly-wed—"Once on a visit to her mother."

His Voice.

"My voice is for you."

"But are you willing to offer the rest of your suit?"

Then They Clinched.

"Your boy licked my Johnny. You should lecture him for hitting a boy smaller than himself."

"Is that so? Well, you just go back and lecture your kid on the imprudence of talking sassy to a boy bigger than he is."

Elusive Mechanism.

"Well, have you familiarized yourself with all the working parts of your automobile yet?"

"No," replied the discouraged motorist. "Every time I take an inventory I find something missing."

Film Comedy.

"This moving-picture comedian has a large round face."

"Yes. Nature endowed him with the sort of face that is an ideal target for custard pies."

The Whole Story.

"Tell me, how did you come to marry your second husband?"

"My first one died."

Pat's Paradoxical Condition.

Mrs. Casey—"An' how are all yer folks, Mrs. O'Brien?"

Mrs. O'Brien—"It's all well they do be excepthin' the swild man. He's been on a spree which for some time, but he complained av feelin' better this morning."

Ambitious.

"Is your new motor car a good hill climber?"

"Fine," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I only wish it would draw the line at bills. Sometimes it wants to try a trieknox or a telegraph pole."

Her Reply.

"We started housekeeping on fifteen dollars a week."

"If you were to try that now, ma, you and pa would starve to death before your honeymoon was over."

An Eye for Beauty.

"Has he a sense of fairness?"

"Goodness, yes! He can tell them a block away."

THE FAILURE.

"Oh, Bill!" says my wife to me,
"Just listen at this—John Spudds is dead!
Think of it! He was just four ages
And my classmate!
What a wonderful man he was!
President of a bank at 35!
Trust organizer, captain of industry—
Still in the roaring '40s'.
And blows out like a candle in the wind!
John liked me, too, in the long ago—
You know, he once married!
I wonder——"
She stopped and mused.
And I thought of John Spudds and his
Ash
And him in a wooden overcoat, alone,
Scrapped. And my wife looked at me
And her lips quivered
And her eyes softened and I made out the
Word "Failure."
And I grinned at her and says, says I:
"Yep, I says, 'Old John
Starts a failure!
He's dead!'"

Fit-ful—"Oh, Jack, this would be such a delightful place if we only had an automobile. Then what we could get away from it a whole lot!"

Consumed by Fire.

"Some time ago," says an insurance agent, "a man asked me to accompany him home, as he had some things there he insured. When we arrived at his house he showed me a hundred boxes of cigars, which he wanted to insure. I told him I would not insure such a big risk, unless ten thousand of the cigars were valued at fourpence each, so I insured the lot for a hundred and fifty pounds. A few days ago the man came to me and asked for the insurance money.

"I've had to be at the house," I replied.

"No, but I've smoked them," said he, "and according to the paper I am entitled to the money, as you cannot prove that if the goods are consumed by fire either is paid on application."

"As far as the technicalities were concerned, he was all right, but I knocked him cold about a minute later by saying in a very stern manner: 'All right, sir, you'll get the money. But according to your own confession, I will proceed at once to lay a charge against you for incendiarism.'

"Well, I'll be hanged" was all he said, and the room shook violently after he banged the door."

Hasty Failure.

The young bride looked dejected as she set down once more before her husband. "I intended to have some spoons for tea, dear, but I've had a total failure."

"Here you are!" hubby asked in a disappointed tone, for he was fond of spoon cake.

"The druggist," she explained, "sent me the wrong kind of spoons."

What He Asked For.

A would-be young youth, while strolling thru a provincial town during a holiday, saw a notice in a shop window: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." He thought he would show how clever he was, so, stepping inside, he said to the proprietor:

"I don't see what I want."

"Then ask for it," said the proprietor.

"Well, I've asked all over town for it and I cannot find one."

"I've got everything a man can want," said the other, commencing to get huffy.

"Well, I have found so many smart men in this town that I want to find a first-class idiot."

"Then," said the smiling merchant, turning to an assistant, "bring a looking-glass and let this gentleman look at himself."

Slow Work.

It was on a local train. The ancient engine, having wheezed laboriously over squalid ancient rails, jolted to a restful stop at no place in particular. Time passed tediously; some of the passengers looked anxiously out of the windows, while others drew their hats down over their eyes and tried to forget it. When half an hour had dragged the conductor came along.

"Hi, conductor!" said a querulous old man, "what's the trouble?"

"We're taking in water," was the explanation.

"Well, why on earth don't you get another teapot?"

Pat—"Hello, Bill; what's the matter?"

Bill—"I bet Mickey he couldn't carry me up a four story ladder, and I won!"

Not Forever, She Hoped.

William Wilberforce, the slave liberator, had a sister who was a hustler. She hustled for William in the campaign and succeeded in getting him elected to Parliament. On one occasion, when she had concluded her stump speech, some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted:

"Miss Wilberforce forever!"

The lady stepped forward.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "but I believe me, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforces forever."

Auto Owner—"We had better stop."

Chauffeur—"What for?"

Owner—"Why, that dead, dumb and blind man we bumped over is calling out our number."

Not Always the Same.

Mary, writing a letter, "Which shall I say, Mrs. Brown called last evening, or Mrs. Brown called last night?"

Mart, looking up from his paper: "Either expression will do; they mean the same thing."

"If that is the case, why do we say 'Good evening' when a visitor calls, and 'Good night' when he goes?"

"From force of habit, I presume. Evening and night are synonymous terms."

"Well, they may be synonymous, but when my name appears in the society column I guess you would rather have the report say that I spended dad in a tasteful evening gown instead of saying I was clad in a tasteful nightgown."

One at a Time.

We were talking about singing during the dinner hour, when old Sam Smith said:

"Aw well remember what a success Aw used to be at singin'. I'll tell you how. Aw were singin' once at the free Methodist Mandolin and Chord mayor presented me with a bouquet."

"Did you sing?" Ah! Jones said. "Why, it's very first time Aw used to sing, and they presented me with a bouquet."

"Why, no! 'Tis better," old Sam said. "It's a fact. Aw gest 's house," said he, looking as solemn as a judge.

"How did t' get it?" asked Sam, still unbelieving.

"Aw gest it one brick at a time," was the reply.

A Cash Transaction.

A train in Arizona was boarded by officers who ordered the hapless passengers to deliver up all their possessions. One of the latter, however, happened to be a Jew, hailing from New York. When his turn came to deliver the goods he thereupon took two hundred dollars out from his pocket and taking four dollars from the roll he placed it in the latter's vest pocket.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the robber, as he dourished his revolver.

"Mine friendt," answered the Jew, "you surely would not refuse me ten per cent discount on a cash transaction like this."

Bailee—"I can only be a sister to you, Jack!"

Jack—"Oh, was it Bill—It's evident that I have made a donkey of myself."

Overtaken.

After ten years of silence the two old friends who ordered the copious beverages to deliver up all their possessions. After ten years of silence the two old friends who ordered the copious beverages to deliver up all their possessions. One of the latter, however, happened to be a Jew, hailing from New York. When his turn came to deliver the goods he thereupon took two hundred dollars out from his pocket and taking four dollars from the roll he placed it in the latter's vest pocket.

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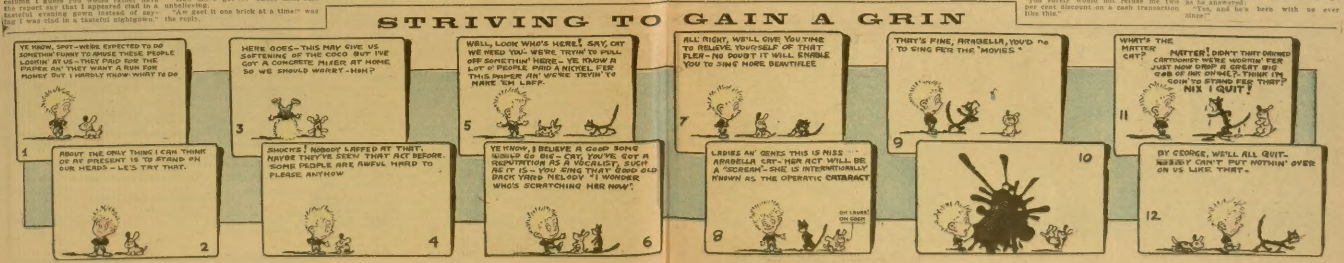
STRIVING TO GAIN A GRIN


YE KNOW, SPOT—WERE EXPECTED TO DO SOMETHIN' FUNNY TO AMUSE THESE PEOPLE LOOKIN' AT US—THEY PAID FOR THIS PAPER AN' THEY WANT A RUN FOR MONEY OUT! I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO DO
1
ABOUT THE ONLY THING I CAN THINK OF AT PRESENT IS TO STAND ON OUR HEADS—LE'S TRY THAT.
2
HERE GOES—THIS MAY GIVE US SOFTENING OF THE COCO BUT IVE GOT A CONCRETE MIXER AT HOME SO WE SHOULD WORRY—HAH?
3
SHUCKS! NOBODY LAFFED AT THAT. MAYBE THEY'VE SEEN THAT ACT BEFORE. SOME PEOPLE ARE AWFUL HARD TO PLEASE ANYHOW
4
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! SAY, CAT WE NEED YOU—WE'RE TRYIN' TO PULL OFF SOMETHIN' HERE—YOU KNOW A LOT O' PEOPLE PAID A NICKEL FER THIS PAPER AN' WE'RE TRYIN' TO MAKE 'EM LAFF.
5
YE KNOW, I BELIEVE A GOOD SONG WOULD GO BIG—CAT, YOU'VE GOT A REPUTATION AS A VOCALIST, SUCH AS IT IS.—YOU SING THEY' GOOD OLD BACK YARD MELODY "I WONDER WHO'S SCRATCHING HER NOW".
6
ALL RIGHT, WE'LL GIVE YOU TIME TO RELIEVE YOURSELF OF THAT FLEA—NO DOUBT IT WILL ENABLE YOU TO SING MORE BEAUTIFLEE
7
LADIES AN' GENTS THIS IS MISS ARABELLA CAT—HER ACT WILL BE A "SCREAM"—SHE IS INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN AS THE OPERATIC CATARACT
8
THAT'S FINE, ARABELLA, YOU'D BE TO SING FER THE "MOVIES"
9
WHAT'S THE MATTER CAT?
MATTER! DIDN'T THEY ORDER CATTONOFF WE'RE WORKIN' FER JUST NOW DROP A CREAT BIG CAN OF INK ON ME. THINK I'M GOIN' TO STAND FER THIS? NIX I QUIT!
11
BY GEORGE, WE'LL ALL QUIT—NOBODY CAN'T PUT NOTHIN' OVER ON US LIKE THAT.
12
10

Too Many Clews

By Earl H. Emmons

"WELL, of all the crazy cases I ever got up against," declared Chief Reynolds, "this Kane affair is the worst!"

Clearly the chief was puzzled, as evidenced both by his manner and his remark, which was in answer to a question by Ken Benson regarding the sensational murder case now a week old.

We had made a warm friend of the chief since Ken and myself had helped solve the mystery of the lost leg, some time ago, and he seemed glad to offer any assistance he could in helping us in the present affair.

As was Ken Benson's custom, he had not intruded when the murder first occurred, because he did not want the regular men on the force to feel he was meddling and perhaps hindering their work. It was only after they had practically failed that he now came to consult the chief and offer our assistance.

"Yes, sir," continued Chief Reynolds, as he fingered a mass of papers, "it is the most complicated thing we have ever tried to handle, and the worst part is that every new man who enters the case gets an entirely different clew, and if it keeps on we soon will be locking up half the town."

Of course, we had been following the newspaper reports carefully, and were familiar with the details. One week before, Frank Kane, a man who had come to the city three years before with a fortune, had been found dead from strangulation, the morning after he had given a social orgy in his elaborate apartments.

Kane had come from an obscure place in the far West, and it was generally understood he had obtained his money in mining ventures. His family consisted of his wife, an attractive woman much younger than himself, and a daughter by a former marriage.

During the time the Kanes had lived in the East Kane had built up a great following among the social set of the lower order, and the wild orgies he held in his apartments, the public places he frequented and his general conduct had [illegible] sensational [illegible] Kane had [illegible] with those of omen of the gay life, while it was common knowledge that his wife was on decidedly intimate terms with a young clubman of the dissolute sort, named Drews.

In fact, his daughter, Frances, was the only member of the circle who had not [illegible] in these reports, and it was said she was engaged to marry an architect of limited means, by the name of John Ward.

All of this was general knowledge before Kane's sudden death, but it was brought out again at that time, and presented in a lurid manner with comments, theories and guesses by the yellow journalists.

In the official investigations the detectives confirmed all of these reports, and succeeded in uncovering much additional information of an "inside" nature. The strange part of it all was that among the half-dozen men working on the case no two were following the same line. Each held a different conviction and each was sure his theory was correct. Consequently, Chief Reynolds faced a situation wherein he was asked to arrest a number of persons, each of whom, singly, was declared by some particular detective to be circumstantially guilty of the crime.

"There has been such a mass of evidence turned in," said Chief Reynolds, "that we could pick any one of several suspects, and by the aid of what proofs we think we have, together with a little third degree, we could work up a logical case of circumstantial evidence which would come near convicting. But, after we had done that, we could keep on and do the same thing with the other three or four parties concerned. In fact, I never, during my entire career, have seen such an abundance of clews or so many apparent reasons for killing a man.

"As is usual in cases of this kind, we first investigated to see who would most benefit by Kane's death. Financially, the answer was his daughter, who we found inherits the majority of the fortune. Kane had never gotten on well with his second wife, and she was cut off with as little as was consistent to avoid legal trouble.

"The fact that Kane was a large, strong man, however, absolutely eliminated his daughter as the criminal, for the simple reason that she has not the physical strength to strangle a man of his size, even had she been so inclined.

"You will remember, perhaps, that Kane was choked to death by two powerful hands held in a peculiar manner. The usual position of the criminal in such a case would be bent over the victim's face, the thumbs across the throat just below the chin, and the fingers at the back of the neck with the index finger nearest the skull.

"The marks on Kane showed the finger prints in an entirely unusual manner. The thumbs were low and pressed into the hollow of the throat, below the Adam's apple, while the fingers were reversed and showed the little finger near the base of the skull, indicating clearly that the criminal had bent over the victim from behind.

"This all in view of the fact that the bed in which Kane slept has a high, solid headboard which rests against the wall, thereby making it impossible for any one to approach from that direction.

"When the body was found it was hanging with the head over the side of the bed, nearly touching the floor, the hands clinched near the face and the clothing in wild disorder. The supposition is that the murderer must have pulled the sleeping man in this position in order to secure such a hold upon the throat; but how this could be accomplished without Kane awakening, or why the strangler did not simply kneel over the victim's chest and take the natural hold, is a mystery we have been unable to solve.

"Pursuing our investigations to determine the reason, we found that Nellie Kane, the wife, having become wholly dissatisfied with her mate and being madly in love with Drews, had all but consented to his entreaties to elope. The fact that Drews is poor is thought to be the only reason for her hesitancy. With her [illegible] of Kane's fortune, however, this obstacle to her happiness could be removed, so we have [illegible] prompted [illegible] to commit the crime, or that she hired some one else to do it, or that Drews, knowing all this, had acted on his own initiative.

"Second, one of the men found that Kane had for several months been intimate with the wife of one of his friends, who was a guest the night of the blowout. We found that on this night, after the members of the party had become well intoxicated, this man came upon his wife and Kane in a darkened corner and that a violent quarrel ensued, during which the woman's husband threatened to 'get' his host, making Suspect Number Three.

"Then it was discovered that quite a large amount of cash, which Kane received that day and is thought to have had on his person, was missing after his death. I might add that Kane was troubled with asthma, and consequently slept with his windows open, making entrance by a burglar comparatively easy, while the janitor of the building, who has free access to the court upon which Kane's bedroom windows open, was discovered to have suddenly acquired an unusual amount of money; thus we have Suspect Number Four.

"Now you can appreciate my dilemma with four suspects, any one of whom might have considered his or her reason sufficient to warrant Kane's death. And now, on top of all of this, comes another theory: John Ward, the architect to whom Frances Kane is said to be engaged, we find was married previously, and has a divorced wife living in his home town up the State.

"Ward knew, as did practically every one with whom Kane came in contact, that the latter was strongly opposed to second marriages, owing to his own unhappy second venture. Kane made no pretense of concealing his views on this subject, and it just came to our attention that he was planning a trip to Ward's home town in connection with a business deal.

"Kane knew nothing of Ward's former life nor residence, but Ward heard him speak of the man he was going to see, and this man knew all about Ward's affair. Now, the question arises whether Ward, fearing his secret would be discovered, and that he would lose his fiancee and thereby a fortune, would not be tempted to put Kane out of the way.

"You will remember that the Kane apartments take in an entire floor of the flat building in which they are located, and that following the party, a number of the close friends of the family, including Drews and Ward, slept there that night

"Now," concluded the chief, "you have the whole story of the affair, and you have my permission to go as far as you like, but for Heaven's sake don't come to me with any new clews."

"And how about material evidence?" asked Benson, as we prepared to leave. "Was there nothing about the body which might serve as a—a clew?"

The chief smiled at the last word, then turned to his desk. "There was something," he said, "which we at first thought important, but it has only served to confuse matters and it is hardly reliable."

He brought forth several photographs. "These," he continued, "are pictures we had taken of the finger prints on the throat, but as you can see, they are not very distinct, owing to the fact that the flesh was so bruised. Besides, it is very difficult to take reliable prints from the human skin, as the texture of the skin tends to confuse the lines in the fingers. You may take some of these along, however, if they will help you."

"Well," I remarked cheerfully to my friend, as we left the chief's office, "there's the case and the fifty-seven varieties of clews. Now all you have to do is pick out the one you like best and hook the crime onto it. Personally, I have no choice in the matter; take any one you fancy."

Benson looked at me pityingly. "Thanks," he replied, "but I don't want any ready-made clews. If those deductions were worth anything the central office men would have solved the mystery before now. They are just as smart as we are, and if they can't figure the thing out, there is no use in our attempting to improve on their work."

"Then you are going off on a new line of thought?" I gasped.

"I am," answered Benson, "because the fact that the central office men have accomplished nothing proves simply that they are on the wrong track. If they found the right clew they could unravel this tangle as easily as we."

"And may the Lord help us if we go to Chief Reynolds with another string for the tangle!" I exclaimed.

"We're not going to him with any tangles," said Benson, as we reached our rooms. "We are going with facts."

No more was said until we were inside our apartment and Ken began dragging out his camera and accompanying paraphernalia.

"The chief's clews were all right," he said presently, "but I doubt if any of the reasons given would have been strong enough to prompt murder."

"Many a better man has been killed for less," I chirped.

"The only valuable piece of evidence about the whole affair," continued my friend, utterly ignoring my clever remark, "is this collection of photographs."

"Then if the central office birds, as you say, are as smart as we are," I deducted, "why didn't they know that?"

"They knew it," replied Ken, "but in the face of such apparent proofs as they found they passed up the vital issue. After they have exhausted their present theories they will return to the only tangible clew, these photographs of the finger prints, but by that time they will be too late."

By this time the camera, extended to its full reach, had been placed on the table, the enlarging lens attached, and for the next half-hour Ken Benson was so absorbed in focusing and making exposures that he refused to talk.

When he had finished he turned to me. "Now, while I am developing these plates," he said, "I want you to do something for me. I want you to find out where Kane kept his money."

This was an easy matter, because I simply telephoned Chief Reynolds, and after obtaining this information I sat down and tried to figure the thing out on my own account. As I considered the various suspects one by one, each seemed so conclusively guilty, that, had I been the judge I probably would have indicted the whole bunch as a band of conspirators. In fact, I was just getting ready to sentence the entire party when Benson came out of his darkroom.

"The First National and the Franklin County Savings," I told him.

"Thanks," he replied, as he began gathering up his camera. "While I am out, fan those negatives so they will dry quickly, will you?"

Then he was gone, and as I performed the task allotted to me I had plenty of time to moralize on the disagreeable side of detecting; and I know something about it, because that is the only branch I have become acquainted with in helping Benson.

As I dried the plates I examined them closely, and found they were merely reproductions of the photographs we had received from Chief Reynolds, only they were greatly enlarged.

A few minutes after I had fanned the moisture out of the negatives, Ken rushed in all excited, and again ducked into the darkroom.

"Who's after you?" I called, as he slammed the door, but he didn't even answer until he emerged a few minutes later.

By this time he had calmed down somewhat, but he had a look in his eyes which indicated he had discovered something. He had purchased a bottle of alcohol while out, and he dipped the newly-developed plates in a tray full of it so that the negatives would dry quickly, after which he made prints of the lot.

"Come here, Hal," he said to me, "and look at these two pictures."

"Well, they look about the same," I decided, "except one is more distinct than the other."

"Correct," replied Ken, "they both are enlarged views of prints which were made by the same finger, but the one photographed on Kane's throat is not so clear as this other one I have secured. They prove conclusively, however, that both prints were by the same finger, or thumb to be exact, and now we will call on Chief Reynolds.

On the way to headquarters Benson absolutely refused to tell me anything in answer to my many questions.

"That would be like knowing the plot of a story before you read it," he said, "and that would take away all the enjoyment. Wait until we get to head-

FREE LAND FOR ALL

Another subdivision in the great Southern Demonstration Proposition now ready. Secure some land while you can get it free. For particulars address the Secretary, W. A. Roberts, 339 Fifth Ave., Block 506, Pittsburgh, Pa. You do not have to live on the land, as the Improvement Department will work it on shares.***

Like A Boy at 50 Bubbling Over With Vitality—Taking Iron Did It

Doctor says Nuxated Iron is greatest of all strength builders—Often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 100 per cent. in two weeks time.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 after taking Nuxated Iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.—E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

quarters and you will hear it all with dramatic effects."

"Well, chief," said Ken when we were ushered into Chief Reynolds' office, "I've got a report to make."

"So soon?" inquired the chief.

"My clew didn't take long to run to earth," replied Benson.

"Ye gods, another one!" groaned Chief Reynolds. "Don't tell me you are going to introduce more complications."

"I'm afraid I am," remarked Benson, "but give me a little time, and I think I can show you something.

"First, I discounted all the clews you told me about, because I figured if they were any good your men would have got results. So, I reasoned, there must be something new to this affair, and the photographs proved it. I confess my idea was a wild one, but you will see how it worked out.

"To begin with, I eliminated Kane's wife, her affinity, Drews, the jealous husband and Ward, because there was nothing really tangible upon which to hold them. The only points which needed explanation were what the janitor secured his sudden wealth and what became of the money Kane was supposed to have.

"I discovered that the janitor had won a substantial amount in a gambling den, and was consequently afraid to say anything about the place to the police. I found that on the day of the party Kane deposited several hundred dollars in one of his banks, and this, I believe, was the money he was supposed to be carrying.

"Now I want you to look at these pictures, and particularly the ones showing the print of the left thumb."

"Why, these are merely enlargements from the pictures I gave you," said the chief, as he scrutinized the photographs.

"Yes," replied Benson, "but you see they are intensified so that all the marks are brought out more clearly. You will notice on all of them showing the left thumb there is a peculiar V-shaped scar hardly noticeable in the smaller pictures."

"By George, you're right," said the chief, "and that is a mighty important clew! We have finger prints of all the suspects and——"

"No need to compare them," interrupted Benson. "Look at these." He produced prints made from his last set of plates and laid them on the chief's desk.

"The scar! There it is!" exclaimed Chief Reynolds. "The identical thumb and the identical scar! Isolated might mean what that means, son? It means that when we find that man we have found the criminal. Where did you get these record prints?"

"Just a minute," said Ken Benson, enjoying the chief's emotion, "and I'll tell you. You remember telling me Kane suffered from asthma. I discovered also that he was subject to violent nightmares and somnambulism.

"Now as to the finger prints. I secured them from the Franklin County Savings Bank, which has a finger-print system and requires them of all depositors. And when I compared the two sets of pictures I knew the case was ended.

"There is no use, chief, arrests because there was no murder. The second set of prints are taken from the identification card of Kane himself."

"When Kane went to bed that night he was intoxicated. His mind also was wrought up by the quarrel he had earlier in the evening. After he had gone to sleep he had an attack of asthma together with a nightmare. His breathing became short and difficult from his disease. He put his hands to his throat and then his right thumb, probably thinking he was struggling with some one, he clinched his hands until he strangled himself to death."

* * *

Useless.

"The 'Ladies' Home Perfection' says that children should never be fed. They says Mrs. Bingham to her husband. "I feel so bad to think how brutal I have often been to our children."

"You should worry!" said Bingham. "What do the people who write these things know about children? They haven't any of their own, probably. And if they do happen to have any they are awful children. Why, I remember the children of the woman who wrote the article on 'Children' were the very old Ned all the time. Such children ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"Why, I think kids have to be punished. The problem is to know when to punish and when not to. There is no use punishing a child unless you do it or kiss his children half the time. Of course, the children ought to escape once in a while, but you can't tell by looking whether they are going to catch it or not. That is better than a tickling every time, because you don't know when they are to be spanked they won't be worried half so much as when they speculate on whether they are to suffer punishment.

"I well remember how my grandmother let me lie in the street once when I was 3 years old. She had a premonition that it would be good strategy to lie down in the street and refuse to go farther than that point. Before I was 4 or 5 or 6 years are ambitious to be carried, and the ones who weigh about fifty pounds are the ones who get the most.

"I weighed about a ton, and I loved to be carried, hence the lay-down. The scheme worked with me like a charm and I was on the point of success, but my grandmother balked on it. As I watched her end of the corner of my eye I heard her say: 'Well, I wouldn't stand for any such foolishness. I would let him lie there and not before I'd pick him up! Just come on and leave him there.'

"The idea of leaving the dear little curly-headed darling like me lie there! I let the pair of them get almost out of sight, before I got another new spell of strength and ran to catch up. I never forgot it. Also, I never tried it again.

"So, there is no way of telling what to do with kids, and no lady adviser, even if she has a million kids, can lay down a law that applies to more than one time. Not only are all kids different, but the same kid isn't the same all the time."

* * *

Blighted Hope.

He was a bachelor, as bald as a billiard ball, and full of fire. She was a widow, fair, fat and 40. He had been a lifelong friend of her husband, Robin McGuffey, and when he was left to care for his heart and hand. She knew it, and her good soul went out in song. Seating herself at the piano, she spoke to him the dear old song, "Robin Adair," with the closing pathos, "Ro-o-ob-in Ad-air."

Gently he rose from his seat and as he reached for his hat he said:

"Madam, is there any necessity that I should be reminded of that fact" I know it. Robin did have hair—well do I remember his curly locks But why taunt me with it?"

And so two fives were blighted.

A FRIENDLY HELPER.

"It's time to be thinking about spring hats," sighed Mrs. Turner.

"Goodness! You talk as tho it were a hardship!" remonstrated Mrs. Beck. "I'm just aching to get started at mine! You know my sister's been studying millinery, and——"

"Oh, don't if you value your peace of mind, for any nothing of your reputation in the neighborhood!" interrupted Mrs. Turner. "I have been thru it, and that's the principal reason I hate the very name of hats! I wish we might have lived when our grandmothers did, and had always our nice, becoming hats, to wear year after year."

"Well, I wouldn't be seen in the hats my grandmother wore!" declared Mrs. Beck.

"You will long for them, after you've finished this year. If you let your sister help trim your hat!" prophesied Mrs. Turner. "I'll tell you about my experience.

"I have a friend who was very artistic. She pins a ribbon on a street dress, and you'd be amazed at what a lovely evening dress it is turned into! And she makes the stunningest street hat by just picking up her little boy's straw hat and draping her veil over it: It is all so easy and simple-looking.

"So when this friend said she'd help me trim my spring hat I was duly grateful. I was just aching for a nice-looking hat, a covered one, and she said she said we'd make one. So I went into a store and bought a couple of bunches of violets and a cheap frame.

"My friend smiled a 'too bad' smile when she saw my purchase, and said the shape was impossible, but added that she'd go with me to select a frame. Accordingly, we took back my choice and bought a frame exactly like it, very similar to the other, but had more artistic lines, as my friend explained. It hurt me to pay so much money just for the foundation, as now I'd expected that sum to cover the whole expense. However, I remembered that this hat was going to be truly satisfying, so I paid the five dollars.

"She set the frame on my head and pinned the daisies on. Then she stood off to admire. 'Oh,' she said, 'you've not got nearly enough daisies' You'll have to get lots more.'

"So I went and ordered two more bunches. My friend was quite amused when I brought them. She had not expected me to bring back half a dozen bunches! Of course, since she was doing it purely as a favor, I couldn't remonstrate about the price, which was rapidly soaring—so I got more daisies! Finally we got enough and began the construction.

"She told me that I do, while I sewed on it I'd cut it off about a dozen times, and I was as tired as the dickens by the time I got thru. But when she was satisfied it was dark, garish enough to look in the mirror to see the effect, and went home.

"My family howled at me! I was called everything, from a hothouse to a forest, and my husband made me wear the hat. Finally I got it, and it was with the option of staying home if I didn't.

"Well, I felt that my friend knew, and, in spite of my inner convictions, I trusted her good taste. She had said the hat was becoming and stylish, and I decided that my family needed to be educated up to it. So I wore it downtown next day. People ran for the whole trip in the car with their eyes glued to my hat, and girls tittered as they stood and looked after me on the street, and yet I wore it—for one whole day.

"Then I met my friend who had helped me make the hat. She stood still, looking at me for a second. Then she sat down and laughed in my face.

"'Oh,' she said, 'you look so funny!'

"She said she had not realized before how I looked in it—she was just trying then to get all the daisies on it artistically. So now she offered to fix it over.

"But I was firm in my refusal, and I took it back to the store where I'd bought the material. They charged quite a sum for taking the trimming off and putting some new trimming on it, for I detested the very sight of daisies' The hat looked rather used up from much handling, but it had to do: it was so expensive'

"I've since discovered that the reason my friend seems so artistic is that she herself is good-looking, and could wear a derby and appear stylish' The things she wears wouldn't suit any other woman, and she looks stylish in spite of them, not because of them'

"By the way, I've got about a thousand daisies you may have if you're bound to experiment"

* * *

Very few people have weak eyes from too much looking on the bright side of things

My Offer of Some Time Ago in Boyce's Weeklies Brings So Much Joy

In an issue of some time ago of Boyce's Weeklies I made the following offer, that I would send, absolutely free of charge, my method of charge to be distributed among the readers of my Weeklies. The offer has been received with so much satisfaction, so many grateful letters have come to me from it, that my heart is filled with joy.

Therefore, I have decided to repeat the offer and am making this announcement. [illegible]

My method of treatment, which has become one of the best that was ever formulated for Catarrh and allied ailments. The method has cured hundreds of suffering souls after everything else has failed. Now, Reader, this is your chance. *All You Have to Do* is to write for this treatment and see it for yourself.

Listen to these grateful words: "My nose cleared, my foul breath left me, the continual annoyance of the dropping in my throat, that bad taste in the mouth mornings, the dull headache, the noises in the forehead, the constant desire to clear my throat, all these vanished. They all went, one by one, some faster, some slower, but absolutely and for all time have they gone, that joyous, lively feeling, same as I had in the old days, and my eyesight and hearing are fine again." **Wouldn't you like to be in that happy condition?**

A PRESENT FOR YOU

Remember, I make this offer of a free gift, wholly from my desire to do you good. I want no money for it, you will be under no obligation to me whatsoever.

Now, Reader, this is the opportunity of a lifetime. Let it slip and you may never have such another again. Don't suffer another day. Send me a postal card or your full name and address in a letter, and you will have sent on your wonderful treatment by return mail.

Address CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE, 306 Trade Building. - - - Boston, Mass.

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Selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger. Chance for Business and Boy Scout.

We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you all ready to sell to your friends. Only one report for you to make out each week. We show you how to make money, earn valuable premiums and get free votes in a wonderful pony-bicycle contest just open for boys. Send your agent and selling outfit of papers. We show you how to make money by building up a permanent route of customers that you deliver the papers to each week. You make a cash profit on every paper you sell.

START TODAY

You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. Fill out the blank below and get started right away, today. We tell you how to get customers.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell. Give me 100 free votes in the pony-bicycle contest and show me how I can make cash profits every week selling your papers and get the valuable premiums. 33

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Send me at once, complete, camera, [illegible] etc., as described in your offer. Also complete supply of [illegible] instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if not entirely satisfied will return it in 10 days. I will send your special price of $9.85 paid. Otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

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Their Secret.

"This profit-sharing scheme is a mighty good idea," observed the customer in the pink necktie. "I know a fellow who got $50 from his employer that way in addition to his regular pay."

"Yes, it is a good idea, all right," agreed the man who wore the ulster, "but like all other ideas it doesn't work out well until the employes learn how to handle it.

"Now, there was my boss. He decided that owing to the high cost of living and everything like that he would hand out $150 extra to his boys. His plan was to give them $75 now and $75 next summer. That sounded mighty good at first, but after the fellows got to thinking it over $75 didn't seem to be so much after all. When they figured it out with their wives they found that there was $750 worth of things they wanted to do with that $75. Besides, they wondered why the boss couldn't have given the $150 all at once, instead of waiting six months for the next installment."

"They shouldn't have told their wives anything about it," said the customer in the pink necktie.

"Guess you don't know much about wives," observed the cynical auditor.

"Yes," said the pink necktie person, "the boys in my office got a bonus like that, and tried to keep the news from their better halves. They had an awful time. You see, if only one man told his wife that would be enough to spread the news among all the wives. The boys had to get every man to swear he wouldn't mention it to his wife.

"Then they were afraid the wives would read about it in the newspapers. The wives arranged to devise ways and means of keeping the papers away from their wives. 'Get up early, grab the morning paper and take it away with you,' was one plan. 'Send your wife to the picture show and meet the paper when it comes in the evening,' was another plan. 'Stop the paper for a few days,' was a third.

"The nervous man persisted in the inquiry. 'But suppose she does find out?' He made all the fellows so uncomfortable that he had to be bribed with cigars to keep silent. A man who kept saying, 'It's all right for you fellows, but you don't know Mary,' had to be threatened, and a young chap just married, a sentimental fool, had to be jollied and cajoled into the right frame of mind. It was all very wearing. Several fellows who talk in their sleep had to take dope that would keep them awake. In the end it was decided that they would have to tell 'Mary,' for the sum of the $50 and take chances on being able to explain why there wasn't more."

"They might have known better in the first place," declared the proprietor.

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 800 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

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AGENTS: BIG HIT; OUR 5 PIECE ALUMINUM Set is all the rage. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed for only $1.98. Biggest seller of ... sure sales out of every 10 shown. ... ing up $10.00 to $20.00 a day. ... is quick to secure your territory. ... American Aluminum Mfg. Co.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTI... w suit ... cash in your spare ... and make $25 ... extra money each week? ... is the best deal of money you ever ... Write us today for ... full particulars and 4 wonderful ... Tailoring Co., Dept. 2-S, ...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE HIGH COST ... We ... and ... Write ... free. Write immediately for ... Ewing, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OXYGENOS, the new disinfectant for the home, toilet, ... theaters, etc. New company with ... opportunities unlimited. Send ... for tablet and prospectus. The Oxygenos ... Co., 1140 Wilcox Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS: QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! ... Cash ... Credit. ... every ... Original Dix Goods ... Write at once for ... Mfg. Co., ... Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. ... and ... Monthly ... sample pack. ... Co., Dept. ...

RELIABLE MEN TO HANDLE MY 1917 ... Position ... Write ... Ave., Chicago.

GET DAVIS' LATEST PROPOSITION. $15.00 daily a cinch. No matter how often you have answered my ad before, send it again. I've got my 1917 "Prosperity Offer." E. M. Davis, Dept. 169, 920 Ohio, St. Louis, Mo.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRE... ... Dress ... Waists, ... Dresses, ... Suits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 686 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—MAKE $10 TO $15 A DAY SELL... ... for lifting ... automobiles. Profit $1.25 on $1.50 order. Get this quick. Auto Accessories Co., 215 Adver... Bldg., Dayton, O.

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"233" PROFIT—$2.50 ON EACH SET Sold. Newly invented Jubilee Spark Intensifier. Banishes spark plug trouble forever. Sells on sight. Enormous profits. Exclusive territory. Hurry! Jubilee Mfg. Co., Dept. 240-C, Omaha, Nebr.

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AGENTS—IVE A NEW PROPOSITION ... this is a standy. New stuff; 100% profits. ... sample and full layout free. Write quick. ... Specialty Co., 2819 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—SELL RELIABLE CUSTOM MADE ... Rainproof Coats. Big commission. ... complete sample line free. Temple Raincoat ... Co., Arlington, Mass.

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BE YOUR OWN MASTER. STOP WAGE ... slavery! Formulas and instructions for manufacturing 8 big sellers and 100 business opportunities. Send stamp for particulars and address. Parth-Ians Free, Golding Essential Co., Box 1175, Jersey City, N. J.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read those ads. Every week splendid chances to make money. Some want agents to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, or offer free.

MAN OR WOMAN TO TRAVEL FOR OLD ... established firm. No canvassing; $1,170 ... payable weekly. Payment in cash ... expenses advanced. C. K. Nichols, ... Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED: MEN-WOMEN, $75.00 MONTH. ... List government jobs open—free. Frank... Institute, Dept. J 2, Rochester, N. Y.

$25 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND ... addresses. Send stamp. Ureus Company, Dept. A7, Chicago, Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

NO STRIKE; 8 HOUR DAY. MEN EVERY... ... where. Firemen, brakemen, baggagemen, $175. ... prepared portion. Experience unnecessary. ... 656 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

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WORK FOR UNCLE SAM. HE IS THE best employer. Big pay, sure work, easy hours, long vacations, rapid advancement. Thousands of jobs open. Send us and will help you get one. Write for my big free book, DY-1034, today. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

DETECTIVES WANTED EVERY LOCAL... ity; experienced; also inexperienced, interested in travel. Write Superintendent, Department 54, Bureau of Investigation, Hearst Building, Chicago.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL POST OF... fice, rural carrier, "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Free list. Arthur Hebert, ...

BE A DETECTIVE. ... Secret Service ... Experience unnecessary. ... Particulars free. ... Ave., Chicago.

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FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and take orders. $25 to $40 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Dress Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

A NEW BUSINESS-MAKING BUSI... ness in your homes. $25 week earned. Sample outfit free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 854, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

GET LAND! $250 WILL BRING YOU A profitable business—10 acres in Michigan's fruit and clover belt. General farming, stock, vegetables, poultry, fruit. Near towns, schools, markets, lakes. Write today. Ask about insurance feature. We help you start farming. Swigart Land Company, 1365 First George W. Swigart, X1345 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

YOU CAN DO BETTER ON A SOUTHERN farm. Send for a year's subscription free to the beautiful Southern Homeseeker magazine, Southern Homeseeker, which tells all about good, low priced farms in the South. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agri. ... Ry., 248 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OF... ficial list gives location of Government Lands in 11 states and describes every acre in every county in 11. Only location plans to apply, how secured free. 1917 diagrams and tables now ready. Price 25 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co. (Dept. 1031), St. Paul, Minn.

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I HAVE CASH BUYERS FOR SALABLE farms; no trades; deal with owners only. Give full description, location and cash price. James P. White, New Franklin, Mo.

MISSOURI LAND

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land; near town, healthy location, price $160.00. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

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MANUSCRIPTS CORRECTED AND TYPED. Send your work for free examination. C. Strausser, Valparaiso, Ind.

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FREE—HARMLESS RECIPE DESTROYS all craving for tobacco. Superba Co., Fa, Baltimore, Md.

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INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED ON CASH and royalty basis. Investors and manufacturers write at once. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

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WILL PAY $10.00 TO $500.00 FOR CERTAIN $5.00 gold pieces dated before 1834 and ... cash premiums for all rare dollars, ... quarters, half dollars, dimes, cents, paper money and stamps. Send 4c now. Get our large illustrated Numismatic Bank. Dept 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

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SONG POEMS WANTED—I OR BETTER STILL submit manuscript to Needham Music Co., 3544 St. Louis Mo.

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30X3½ NONSKID GUARANTEED TIRE, $10.00; 30x3 or 30x3½ Universal tube, $2.25. Send cash, C.O.D. or parcel post. Acme Auto Tire Company, 1123 Michigan Av., Chicago

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MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

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CATALOGUE, 10c. Contains 100 pictures, 10 cents. Hundreds toilet and sanitary articles, personal and family use; our sparkling rubber goods. Sliding Rule, 25c. Both $1. Hazel Randolph Sta., Chicago.

MARRY RICH. HAPPY AND PROSPER... ous. Big list of descriptions and photos of rich people who want to marry. Mailed in confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 607, Lincoln, Ill.

NOTICE—ACCOUNT WAR CONDITIONS in the supply of Dr. Lake's prescription for rheumatism will be very limited after May 15th. Little Company, 916 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

MARVA — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ... descriptions of rich directory for ... when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER COMPLETE WITH photos, descriptions, names and addresses. Confidential. Sealed. Box 607, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY; THOUSANDS WEALTHY ANXIOUS to marry. Many worth $100,000. All nationalities, religion. Descriptions free. Peoples Club, Box 1251, Denver, Colo.

MARRY IF LONELY; HUNDREDS RICH with marriage; confidential; reliable; description free. Select Club, Box 556, Oakland, Cal.

$10.00 COIN MONEY. SELL PICTURES MEN ... like. Sample of 12 and terms, 10c. 2 sets $1.00. 5 set 25c. Paris Art Co., B, Kalamazoo, Mich.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANT... ing introductions; booklet free. "Catholic Correspondence Club," Box 1251, Denver, Colo.

RELIABLE CLUB ESTABLISHED 11 YEARS. Large list wealthy members. Confidential; descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 725 Madison, Oakland, Cal.

GENTLEMAN'S ARTICLE — POSTPAID 10c. Agents wanted. Big profits. Agents supply Rick Company, Dept. K, Logansport, Ind.

MARRY; THOUSANDS WISH; LONELY farmer, worth $10,000, will marry; 27, 5 feet 7 inches. Box 15, Lenox, Iowa.

UNKNOWN; OWNS $5,000. VERY LONE... some, anxious to marry. Mrs. M. Mission Bldg., San Francisco.

MARRY RICH—LARGE, HANDSOME MAT... rimonial paper with photos mailed free. Select Club, Box 24, St. Paul, Minn.

HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Receive letters from everyplace. Membership, descriptions free. Tell wants. Call.

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MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUB... lication for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GET MARRIED; LARGE, HANDSOMELY illustrated, matrimonial magazine mailed free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE NEW HY... gienic Bath Powder. Sweet Bath Balm Co., Dept. A., Little Falls, N. Y.

The Boy Woodsman
Or, The Mill Guard
By Milford Merrill

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 15, April 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from any news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

THE fat boy laid his string of fish against the ground, and down on a pine stump, his feet dangling free. He hitched to an easy position, then began in a low, mysterious tone:

"I say 'em, Amos, a full dozen Injins, every mother's son painted fit to kill, a lot of feathers stuck in their topknots, hatchets and knives tucked under their belts, and red fire in their eyes. They was a husky lot as ever I saw, and—and I most had a fit I was that scared."

"Foolish to be scared of a few Indians," grinned Amos, who, down deep, wasn't feeling half so jolly unconcerned as he pretended.

"Maybe I was, Amos, maybe I was," purred Alta, "but I bet you'd been prickly all up and down if you'd seen what I did."

"Well, what did you see?"

"What I've been telling ye, and a lot more."

"What more, Alta Paydon?"

"Every one of 'em was whettin' his knife and making motions like they do when they're getting their paint on the warpath. Ough! it was awful!"

The speaker drew his knees up against his chin, shut his eyes and spat thru his fingers.

"You're a queer jigger, Alta," said Amos. "I don't believe half you are telling me."

And this was true, since our boy hero had seen Alta Paydon on many occasions trumpeting his dramatic stunts in the pine stumps and piles of sawlogs on the milldam, imagining them enemies whom he had cut to pieces with the point and point of the sword—a wooden one at that.

"I reckon you don't want to hear any more then, Amos," returned the fat boy, with an extra wriggle of his broad head. "Because if ye don't I'm going down to see old Joe; he'll listen; he's the only fellow in the whole country that don't make fun of Alta Paydon."

There was a self-pity in the voice of the speaker that touched the genial nature of Amos Rand, who said:

"Oh, go ahead, Alta. I'll listen if you'll only hurry; get it off your mind before mother gets back. I don't want her to hear a whisper of this nonsense you are telling. She's bad enough scared already."

Amos did not acquaint his companion with his mother's night adventure, not wishing to share his grief with that irresponsible, hardly full-witted son of a shingle weaver.

"It's about the boom and sawlogs, Amos."

"Ah, what about them?" laughed Amos. "Somebody want to buy the lot; or has a chimney appeared during the day to come off a tax title that was his?"

"I don't know anything about tax titles," gravely returned Alta Paydon, crossing one fat leg over the other. "But I do know they talk of cutting the boom."

"Cutting our boom!" exclaimed Amos, in sudden amazement. "I'd like to see anybody up to that sort of mischief. Why, that would ruin father!"

"I thought it might; that's why I'm here to tell you. Twan't the fish, Amos, so you're the more welcome. Old Man Tracy, down at The Dam, wants his logs which, he says, you got penned up in your boom. That's why it's to be cut."

Was the queer boy talking arrant nonsense? It must be, thought Amos. Nobody would be mean enough to cut the river boom which would release ten thousand dollars' worth of pine logs and send them loosely down the river to be lost in the big lake.

"Mr. Tracy wouldn't be guilty," he began, when Paydon interrupted with a grunt and wave of his hand.

"I tell you it's true, and you're going to lose all the logs, and I'm sorry, Amos. You will talk with Joe and the others. If your pa was only to home he might do something."

The millboy was thrilled at the sudden earnestness of Paydon.

"By George, Alta, this sounds funny——"

"It won't be so funny tonight when the boom is cut and the river fills with pine logs of your dad's. Tracy's taken old Keotawhe into his council house and told the old redskin what to do. The boom's to be cut tonight, remember that. Amos. Now I'm going home."

The speaker slipped from the pine stump to the ground, slung his fish over his shoulder and started to go. Amos quickly followed, falling in step at the side of the road. He saw his mother's face at the kitchen window, and was anxious to keep this new, startling knowledge from her.

"Explain a little, Alta," he said in a husky whisper. "Don't talk too loud, or mother will hear you, but I must know all, so I can decide what to do."

"Good for you, Amos! You'll believe me now, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll believe you, Alta."

At this the fat boy laid his fish on the ground, drew Amos beneath the shade of a hemlock, and confided to him all he had discovered, which proved to be of a most startling nature.

He had overheard the reds discussing doing away with Amos Rand, the chief deputy of Major Rand. One of the chief spokesmen was a notorious white man, known as Big Jake Tracy. This Jake was a man who seemed never to have a steady job, but moved about from one settlement to another, meddling with the business of other people, indulging in quarrels, seeming never so happy as when engaging in a barroom fight.

Amos knew the man by sight, knew him to be a low sort, whose bullying disposition had as yet received no check. And Alta said he was on with the Indians to cut the Rand boom. Alta declared this, and our hero had no reason now to doubt the fat boy's word.

"They'll be round tonight, with Big Jake leading 'em," concluded Alta, his big gray eyes popping with the excitement in prospect.

"Well, what in the nation is it all for?" questioned Amos, for the fat boy did dirt to Big Jake, nor to the redskins."

"You know as much about it as I do, Amos," returned the fat boy, ready now to take his departure.

"Say, Amos," and the fat boy, who had started to waddle away, turned about once more. "I want to help you all I can. D'ye think you'll need me tonight?"

"If you'd keep this some over, Alta. It'll please me all right."

"All right; then look for me about dark."

With that the fat boy of the woods waddled off, swinging his catch of fish at his side.

Amos [illegible] saw you talking with that Paydon boy, Amos. What did he want?"

"He gave me this fish, mommer."

"I see, but did it take him all this time to give you them?"

"Now don't scold, mother," Amos. "Alta Paydon is a good sort; not quite fully baked as the saying goes, yet a true friend all the same, and he may come over again tonight to keep me company. I'm not going to give those redskins another chance to frighten my mother, if I know it."

Mrs. Rand poured the coffee, while her son fell to, eating with a relish. His mother had prepared for him all the big pile of pancakes, plate size, with butter and brown sugar between the layers, fitted the huge platter-like pyramid very nicely. Amos was a rugged outdoor boy, the very antithesis of his slender New England mother, who had gone for himself at the age of 18, had roughed it among the lumbermen, had performed his borne his part in the cutting of timber, and in every way inured himself to hardship till he had received most of the strongest men physically on the Muskegon River.

Breakfast over, Amos repaired to the mill, where the millwright assigned him at the open door. Tevler was an affable little Frenchman, who spoke English as plainly as a native of the British Isles. Amos told the sawyer all about the adventure of the night.

"The red devils!" commented the Canadian, more forcibly than politely. "It would have served them right to hunt 'em down and shoot them both to prison for a year at the least."

"It would be hard to locate the guilty ones," declared Amos, who knew his mother could not be quick them out from a crowd of their kind.

"Aye, that's the trouble," echoed the head sawyer, "but I reckon they'll make no harm, but were after liquor. These redskins are hogs where firewater is concerned. I've heard good deal about Indian honesty and morality, but show me one Indian who won't get drunk at every opportunity, or steal, and I'll show you a dozen who'll do it every time.

When Amos recounted what Alta Paydon and told him of Big Jake and the Indian talk of cutting the boom, the little head sawyer jumped two feet in the air, cracking his heels together a couple of times in his descent, exclaiming:

"Let 'em try it once, let 'em try it, I say! Now, Amos, get ready to watch the boom. I'll be on the lookout, and if the worst comes, I'll see that the whistle's tooted as a signal, which'll fetch every man of us out to the dock armed with pike-poles and clubs."

The little Canadian was very much wrought up.

"It may be Tracy's doings," he suggested. "Big Jake is one of his petted lambs, and old Tracy likes his toddy as well as the next."

Amos went his way, confident he should not want for aid if the worst happened. He said nothing to his mother about the contemplated raid on the boom, which came much sooner than the boy hero had expected.

It seemed that Big Jake, loaded to the scuppers with poor whisky, served him by the millowner at The Dam, visited the Indians who had camped on the lower end of Glare Island, fetching with him a full jug of the same hot stuff with which he had filled his own skin. After a few rounds from the jug the Ottawas were ripe for any mischief the big white might suggest.

Big Jake painted his own face, stuck a few Turkey feathers in his hat, cut out a fairly good imitation of an Indian yell, at the same time brandishing an ax which he had brought with him from The Dam. Harangning the excitable redmen, he informed them that it was his intention to go down and cut "old Rand's river boom."

The Indians signified their willingness to see the deed done by loud whoops, brandishing of knives and hatchets.

Meantime, Amos knew nothing of all this, looking for danger only at night. His first intimation of danger was when, as he stood gazing from the hilltop back at the placid waters of the river, a big Mackinac boat, filled with men, rounded the nearest bend, paddling down toward the boom in front of the mill. An occasional whoop developed. When the boat ran its nose into the bank and Big Jake sprang out brandishing an ax, our boy hero became alarmed and started down toward the boom at a swift pace.

CHAPTER X.

BIG JAKE imagined his show of force would terrorize the simple folk of Cedar Pond, and that he staundly denied sign of cutting the Rand boom would meet with no opposition. Some might undertake fight for Indian, since he was kind in fantastic garb, with paint on his face and feathers in his dirty slouch hat. His fierce crowd then, however, if nothing else, served to give him away.

"Hooplay! Get out the way! Here we come to raise the river Dan."

Dancing along over the sawdust-covered dock, swinging his ax, Big Jake, with the bravado of a man in his cups, made for the double-poled boom that was attached to the shore at one end, a solid-built pier at the other.

The burly white man was a trifle unsteady on his feet, which retarded his progress to an extent as to give Amos Rand time to reach the millyard before the white bully had raised his ax to cut the boom.

The red allies halted a little way from the boom, watching with grins the movements of Big Jake.

"Hold on there!" yelled the speeding boy, as he bounded across the sawdust, and leaping, as he ran, a heavy pike-pole that leaned against a pile of seasoned lumber. "Get off that boom! Get off, I say!"

The sudden appearance of the son of the millowner caused the Indians to retreat toward their boat. In every Indian heart was a wholesome fear of the man who had proved his prowess by mastering two white men and an Indian in a timber fight the year before, and from which encounter Isaac Rand got the name of being the strongest man on the river, as well as the most fearless.

"Get off that boom!" ordered Amos, as he halted at the dock, raising the point of his pole threateningly.

"You go to ther hot place!" snarled Big Jake. "Tell 'em I sent 'em a hoot."

And then the ax was lifted high, the brain of its wielder intent on driving the keen blade hole deep in the boom. The stinging stroke met the soft pine with a glancing blow as the ax-wielder went backward into the river, sent there by the pressure of the pike-pole against the loose folds of his heavy woolen shirt. Big Jake uttered a wild yell, losing hold of his ax, which instantly sunk in several feet of whirling water.

Springing to a place on the boom, our boy hero, with his pole in his hand, facing the group of Indians who were silent watchers of the scene.

"Now, you shoulder-hitter boy, "if any of you fellows want to follow Big Jake, come on, I am ready for you!"

The big white man held aloft among the Ottawas, while at the same time one big buck crept down to the water's edge, caught hold of the half-drowned white man, and drew him to shore. Sputtering and swearing, Big Jake shook his wet fist at Amos in his frenzied rage. Having lost his ax, he was weaponless. He glared darkly at the boy who stood near him on the boom, balancing his pike-pole daintily on one hand.

If looks could have slain, Amos Rand would have died in his tracks after Big Jake focused him with his eyes. The intense hate of a small mind surged through the white, whisky-sodden tool of The Dam millowner.

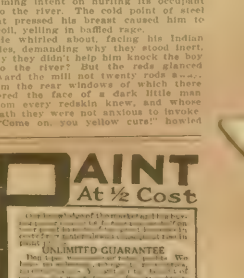
His attack on the boom had been premeditated, and it had failed, he found out. His employer had hinted that it would please him to see "old Rand's logs go floating down the river," and after Big Jake Tracy, who dearly loved a "scrap." He was having one now that did not quite suit his taste.

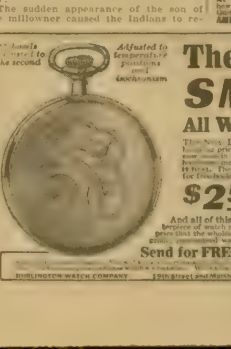
"I'll show you," finally roared Big Jake, shaking the drops of water from his wet clothes.

He rushed toward the end of the boom, seeming intent on hurling its occupant into the river. A shudder of fear that thru pressed his breast caused him to recoil, yelling in baffled rage.

He whirled about, facing his Indian allies, demanding why they stood inert, why they didn't help him knock the boy into the river? As the words glanced toward the mill not twenty rods away, from the rear windows of which there peered a face, a face the sight of which every redskin knew, and whose wrath they were not anxious to invoke.

"Come on, you yellow cure!" howled





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Big Jake, shaking his fist toward the throng of redmen, but they only stood dumb.

A low, raucous laugh greeted the mad fury of the big woodsman. Amos still poised his pike-pole, ready for action. The laugh emanated from the throat of a queer-looking human who just at this moment toddled swayingly across the millyard.

A man it was, a man of medium height, yet broad of shoulder, his broad face completely swamped with its tangled mass of graying beard. The clothing covering the newcomer was of deerskin, his feet encased in moccasins of old bags such as the settlers used for hoarding grain.

Amos at once recognized the approaching man as Doremud, a hermit of the cedar swamp that extended many miles back of Cedar Pond, and which was supposed to be inhabited by all sorts of wild animals, to say nothing of rattlesnakes.

It was this man's tracks that the small boy had seen and reported that a bear was in the neighborhood. The movements of Doremud were very deliberate. He was considered half-witted, and his movements were those of a man who has all the time in the world at his command.

"What you laughing at, you old fool!" yelled Big Jake, staring angrily at the slow-moving hermit.

"Why not laugh?" chuckled the big fellow thru his heavy beard. "To see old Jake boy mad is same as big man like you, Jake, and a passel of Indians as well. Ho! Ho! Ho! It is funny, very funny."

"Why don't you cut the boom, Jake? Ain't you the bully of The Dam? I've heerd you can lick yer weight in wildcats. What's hendering you cutting the boom—jest a boy?

"I'll take none of your sass, old man!" and Big Jake made a dash at the slow-moving hermit.

Something happened just then of a surprising nature. Who Amos had known Doremud for more than a year, and he had during the time never seen him make a quick move, saw him spring aside now, with the quickness of a prairie wolf, seize Big Jake by the collar at the seat of his corduroy trousers, lift him as tho he were but a rag doll high above his head, make a spring to the edge of the dock, and toss him far out into the swift current of the river.

With the sound of the splash came a howl of rage from the dock, and Amos and Doremud, his heavy whisker-fringed face in a grin that showed [illegible]

[illegible] faction of our boy hero.

"Jest a-wanta [illegible] to understand that it would not be safe for them to attempt anything in the nature of hostilities before [illegible] to their Mackinac boat, against the stern of which the struggling Big Jake managed to [illegible], and into the bow of which he was drawn by one of his redskin friends.

The loss for the boom was over for the day. Big Jake made no attempt to renew hostilities, while his ear was jarred by the continued laughter and laughter of Doremud, the hermit.

"I'll get even, I'll get even, sure's you're born!" were the last words sent forth by the discomfited white bully as the Mackinac boat made its way, urged at rapid flight by several paddles in the hands of its red occupants.

Amos came ashore and shook the hand of the burly hermit.

"Coward, arter all, wasn't he?" chuckled Doremud.

"It seems so," admitted the boy.

"What for did they go to cut your dad's boom?" asked the hermit.

Amos was at a loss himself, and so stated.

"Them cusses'll bear watchin'," muttered Doremud.

Amos agreed to this, also. The boy walked over to the end of the dock and mud squatted down at the edge of the dock and continued to chuckle, at times shaking his fist after the receding boat.

The boy was met by Joe Tevler at the mill door.

"What the Satan was the rip, Amos?" cried the head sawyer.

"They tried to cut our boom, Joe."

"Wasn't that white man a member of old Nat Tracy's mill crew?"

"Sure thing, Joe."

"Ah, ha! I see."

The little Canuck sat down on a bunch of shingles, drew out his knife and began to whittle a pine stick he picked from the sawdust-littered ground.

"You do see, Joe?"

"That I do, Amos. They want to spoil your dad's prospects in life. You see, by some mistakey, a few of Nat Tracy's sawlogs got into our boom. He pretends that he will have to shut down his old mill—it ain't worth powder to blow it to Guinea, anyhow—unless he can get them logs instanter."

"But, Joe, you never tells me he is sorting Tracy's logs out, sending them on as fast as he comes to them," said Amos.

"All true enough, but——"

"But what, Joe?" as the little man hesitated.

"That's too slow to suit old Nat. He's dead mad at Major Rand."

"Why should he be mad at my father?"

"Jealous, I s'pose, because the Major is making more money in the lumber business than he is. Old Tracy's a cheat and a dummed fool. They say he never pays his hands if he can get out of it. No doubt it would please him to get any loose logs he can handle on, and not see your dad busted, besides. We'll catch him at that, tho, Amos," laughed the Canuck, and the matter dropped.

No further trouble resulted during the day, but Amos distrusted Big Jake and his red allies, and made up his mind to watch the boom thru the night.

He loaded both shotgun and rifle, filling his pockets with shells and some pigs out of a sheet of lead to make several charges. Joe Tevler agreed to sleep with the boy, and with one eye open, ready to come to the rescue should need require.

Without saying anything to his mother, Amos crept out of the house after she had retired, going down to the river, secreting himself where he could not be from the boom, with both guns at hand ready for instant use.

CHAPTER XI.

THAT was to prove a long night to Amos Rand. Being well armed as he was, he had no fear for the safety of the boom, but he did fear that he might have to do somebody bodily harm in order to protect his father's property.

To kill a man would be dreadful, he thought, and his mother would surely go into hysterics should he do such a thing. It was because of this fact that our boy hero said nothing of his intentions at the supper table, and took care to cause her needless worry. It might be that the boom-cutters, after the day's experience, would give over their villainous designs.

An inkling of what had taken place during the day got to the ears of Mrs. Rand. When she questioned her son, he made light of the circumstance, declaring that Big Jake was all bluster and bluff at cutting the boom, but that it amounted to nothing serious.

The night was [illegible] for which, since it rendered objects visible for a considerable distance, especially along the river. He waited anxiously for a long time, his ears attuned to every sound that reached his brain. He expected to hear the dip of a paddle. Hour after hour elapsed, with the sounds of the night only breaking the tedium of watchful waiting.

Again and again the boy in hiding shifted his position, changing guns as well. The Ottawas and their drunken white leader were doubtless deep in slumber at their camp on the island, and he, Amos, was a ninny to think there was any danger.

He looked for the return of his father any day now, and felt that it would be a sight for sore eyes when the face of his parent greeted him. Deep in dozing half-consciousness, Amos half fancied he felt on the sound of crackling twigs not far from him, and of concealment.

Laying tight hold of his rifle, he knelt upon one knee and drew the hammer. He listened intently. Dead silence again. Amos was thinking of resuming his recumbent position when a tall human form stood up in the starlight, not twenty feet from his position. His first thought was that the fifty Ottawas were stealing upon him from the south.

"Halt, redskin!"

The boy sent the words out with defiant boldness. He might have kept silent, but would be did not wish to shed blood, and imagined a bold front might drive off the invaders without such a dire proceeding.

A low chuckle from the tall intruder rather surprised Amos.

"So I'm a villain, am I, Amos?"

The tall figure advanced and stood leaning toward the kneeling boy in the bushes. It proved to be Cave Wickett, whom Amos had seen the morning before.

"Well, of all things!" gasped our hero. "What in tunket are you doing here, Cave?" You gave me a right smart sending in a bullet, for I am watching for outlaws."

"Watching for outlaws, eh?" grunted the tall youth. "Just as if there was any sich critters in these parts."

"Sit down, Cave, and I'll tell you about it."

The tall boy did as requested, and his friend made him acquainted with the situation as it actually existed.

"Oh, well, that's nothing," grunted Cave, when Amos had told the story of the past few days' happenings. "I saw the grand manipulator o' the whole thing—up ter Windigo."

"Who was that?"

"A yellow-faced, white with Injin blood in his heart."

"Can you mean Andrew Studfield?" breathed Amos.

"That's his handle, old pard."

"You saw him at Windigo?"

"Yes."

"When, Cave?"

"This morning early."

"What was he doing.

"He was at the Windigo House in chat with a swarthy oldish man who hails from Saginaw. The Saginaw fellow was a rich old guy, and the two talked pine lands, lumber, timber lands, sawmills, yards and profits. A lot of stuff such a feller's me ain't s'posed to know anything about. Ha! Ha!"

"A pine land speculator, of course, Cave."

"I reckon."

"Well?"

"What you want, Amos, to know about, anyhow?"

"About the trend of talk you overheard between Andrew Studfield and that land speculator from Saginaw, Cave."

"I don't know's I can tell exactly all they said, Amos," pursued Cave Wickett, "but I'll try and give you an inkin' of the plot, let you figger it out yourself."

"I'll do that, Cave."

"First off, what is that?"

Tall Cave Wickett squatted suddenly low in the bushes. He seemed to scent danger as keenly as a deer, or rabbit. Amos turned, glancing in the direction his friend was at that moment gazing—toward the farther shore of the river.

"There's some one moving over yonder, Amos."

This was true, a boat moving down the stream with extreme caution. Another Mackinac boat, Amos could see easily enough, with several more several men within it. Cave crept close to Amos, laying a hand on his arm, whispering, "Injins, by the Amos!"

And our boy hero agreed with the surmise of the other. The boat passed on, but till very far down the stream till lost to sight in the dim distance.

"Nobody hurt, after all," chuckled Cave.

Amos sat silent a minute, then said, bluntly: "It's old Keotawbe and his redskins. They are a long part of Ne country. Wonder if Big Jake is with them."

"Not likkly."

The hour was approaching midnight. It did not seem to Amos that there was likely to be any attempt made against the boom, after all. His precautions, however, were properly taken, and he was glad that Cave should approve when he heard about it.

Cave Wickett sat down beside his boy friend and talked with considerable earnestness. He explained his presence there, which was of course by design, that he had been up in the cedar swamp looking for [illegible] early afternoon, that he ate lunch, or rather supper, with old Doremud, from whom he learned of the assault on the boom by Big Jake.

"Remembering what I heard at the Windigo House," concluded the driftwood hunter, "I got my grub together, and reckoned this boom fight might have some'at to do with what them two men were confabbing about. Anyway I decided to call on you late as 'twas. I travel about nights a good deal, so nobody surprised to see a light on their windows at late hours. I went to your house, saw all was dark and made up here. Found the boom and me you in the morning, when, in making a short cut down the shore, I ran upon you here in ambush."

"I am glad you take such an interest, Cave——"

"Oh, that's all right, Amos," broke in the tall boy. "I'd go sled length fo do you a good turn. You and your ma certainly saved my life once, such things I never forget."

"I don't imagine there was any lifesaving done, Cave," smiled Amos, remembering how Cave had been cared for in his home on the suffering with a broken leg. Anyhow, I call you a good friend of mine, and now please tell me about Ralph Strake and the tallow-faced Studfield."

"Was it R. Strake the fellow was chinning to, Amos?" queried the evidently surprised Cave Wickett.

"I imagine so. Mr. Strake is a Saginaw lumberman, and he wants to buy out dad. I never liked the cut of his jib, and now that he has appeared in this part of the state in communication with Andrew Studfield, it looks to me that the African in the woodpile is soon to reveal himself."

"Go to it, pard! It'd worse than a nigger in the wood; it's a genuine plot to git hold of the best pine on the Muskegon for a song. Amos, I'll help you."

Our boy hero had studied it out in the same manner as had his friend.

Before he could speak further, moving objects not far away caught the eye and attention of Amos Rand. Filling down in the shadow of the mill came a dozen Indians, judging from the long [illegible]. The war was on in earnest, it seemed to Amos' quick mind. Cave dropped into the shadow of the thicket, drawing from an unseen source a long rifle.

"Plug it to 'em, Amos!" he whispered.

"Wait!" warned the millboy. "Remember no bloodshed if we can avoid it."

"But the boom——"

"Mustn't be cut if we shoot the whole gang full of holes!"

That was emphatic and to the point. With a long sigh and quick-drawn breath, tall Cave Wickett leaned angularly forward, with raised gun, expectant of battle. Amos desired nothing so much as victory without bloodshed—but they must not cut the boom!

Big Jake had now partially recovered from his potations of the day, made directly toward the boom, glittering axe in hand. The boys in hiding saw the glitter of steel in the moonlight as the axman rushed forward.

Amos raised his own rifle, allowing the shotgun to rest at his feet.

"Don't shoot till I give you leave," he whispered, turning aside to address his companion.

The latter crawled forward, tense with excitement.

"They'll cut the boom!" grated Cave. "Don't ye see his ax?"

"I see, but hold in," replied Amos, fearful lest his excited friend spoil matters by being too precipitate. "Nobody is going to be killed if I can help it."

Big Jake, swinging his ax, ran lightly across the sawdust-covered ground till he reached the log boom at the end of the boom; here he hesitated for one moment. The time to act had come. Quickly as he could, he took the curve of his shoulder.

Before our hero could take action, a long rifle barrel shot past his face. The rifle of Cave Wickett.

"Blame his skin!" hissed the voice of the lean hunter lad, "he's going to use the ax! Take that, you drunken hound!"

With the last words came a flash and ripping report. The man on the dock threw up his hands and fell backward into the river.

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months other great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a trial subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

A Short Speech.

A book entitled "Coke of Norfolk and His Friends" gives a picture of an earlier period of English rural life. One thing was more of a feeling of equality between land owners and their laborers than anything else described in dinner given at the end of the sheep-shearing season.

The shortest speech on record at the clipping is the following. It came from a farmer who had been observed making efforts to rise to his feet, and had been pulled back by his companions. Suddenly Coke noticed what was going on and interfered.

"I see," he said, "that the good fellow has something to say to us. Pray let him speak."

The man, thus encouraged, rose triumphantly to his feet and hammered on the table. Profound silence at once reigned thru the room, and he delivered himself as follows:

"Maister Coke and gentlemen, what I wish to say is—if more landlords would doo as Maister Coke he doo, there be less doo as they doo doo!" And amid thunders of applause he reseated himself.

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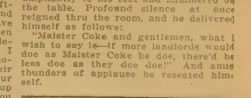

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THE BUILDER.

The child with building blocks so gay,
A tiny tower of Babel rears.
The alphabet in wild array
Before his careless gaze appears
Without regret he sees the fall.
And soon in sturdier mood will go
In answer to youth's stirring calls
And build a fortress all of snow.

He makes a house to call his own,
He works with unremitting zeal
To face a tower of splendid stone
Upon a skeleton of steel.
A city great he helps to raise
Which future students may explore,
Unearthed to scientific gaze.
Man is a builder, evermore.

* * *

DIPLOMACY.

"Papa," began Bobby one evening after dinner. "Now, things is awful high nowadays."

"You don't tell me!" his father exclaimed, as he laid down his newspaper. "Who says so? No really reliable person, I am sure."

"Well, anyhow, they are," Bobby persisted, laughing uncertainly. "Mamie Kelly she said her father was awful mad to have to get new 'rithmetics again. Why, gee, it was only a little while ago we had new ones and they cost awful! Nellie Foster says it's always shoes or new books to buy, but her mother is a peach and she don't scold her. Now, Sam's father he acts just like as if Sam went to work specially to make holes in shoes and things just 'cause he ain't got anything else to do.

"One day we was all sliding down some boards the workmen left over in the big lot and when it came Sam's turn there was a big nail sprung up and tore a great hole in his pants. It was one of these here jaggy holes and Sam said the tailor told him it wasn't scarcely worth mending. You see, he stopped over to the tailor's on Aunt Mary's street to ask. He thought maybe he could get it all done without anybody knowing it, but the old tailor had to go and act like that and so he had to show the hole to his folks. I told him then that there was things as bad hate, like taking medicine and having to be polite, but I was thankful to goodness my folks wasn't so awful cranky about things that happen."

"Thanks for the compliment," his father said dryly. "To what is it leading?"

"I don't know exactly what you mean," Bobby said hastily. "But anyhow, Scrubby and I we took Sam for a partner playing marbles over at Billy's 'cause we felt sorry for him. Sam makes me tired all over, but I sure was some sorry for him. We found a fine dry place for marbles, but it had to go and rain and spoil it all. That feller that lives in the new flats—Manhasset—he—he—play for keeps and we didn't know that, but it was only once we played with him. He's the feller they call Mike, but he's got some kind of a fancy name his mother got out of a book. Anyhow, he comes when we holler for him and he ain't so worse, only he does want to play for keeps."

"That's a rule we don't break," said Bobby's father.

"Oh, I know that, all right," Bobby acknowledged hastily. "And gee, I wouldn't want to, the kind of luck I get! Billy he's a worse player than me, but the next worst. My trouble is I ain't got any shooter that's worth shucks. You see when we got thru playing with Mike he was taken off with a lot of our marbles, and we ain't got anything hardly worth while left."

"Of course," Bobby explained hastily, "we didn't know we was playing for keeps, but we never thought to ask him was he, and he just took 'em and we couldn't say a thing.

"Now, of course, there was Sam and he was all cleaned out and he dasent say a word to ask anybody of his folks for some more. He didn't have such a great lot, anyhow, spite of his always boasting on what he's got. He talks like a tin lizzie about all the things he's got and he ain't got hardly anything. Well, anyhow, he felt awful bad that he didn't have but a few marbles left and them no good. We fellers we didn't pay scarcely any attention to him, but Nellie Foster she told me that Susie said she thought us fellers hadn't acted square. I don't care a ding what Susie goes around saying, but by jinks she ain't got any right to make Nellie Foster and everybody think we ain't acted square."

"I should think not," Bobby's father agreed.

"Anyhow, I got the fellers together and we up and divvied with Sam. O' course that was easy for Billy and the rest of 'em, but it ain't so nice for me and Scrubby. We ain't got but about three left now. It was that very same afternoon I seen that boy from the south side that's cousin to Aunt Mary's hired man, out on the farm. Well, he's here for a couple of days, cause he's going to go out West to live—and, say, but he's got a swell lot o' marbles!"

"He'll cut quite a dash out West."

"Not on your life," Bobby said fervently. "He's going on a ranch where he's the only feller and he says he ain't going to have any use for any marbles."

"I suppose he'll give them to the deserving poor, then. Maybe to some Belgian boy."

"Give them!" Bobby repeated scornfully. "I guess you don't know him! I should say not. He's a feller who's on the make, you bet! He wants well an awful lot."

"Some millionaire's son will get them, I suppose?"

"Oh, geh, no!" Bobby said hastily. "I got the refusal of 'em."

"For how long?"

"Till tonight, till I could see you."

"Oh!" his father said. "And what have I to do with it?"

"Everything," Bobby said boldly. "You see, I haven't got the fifty cents."

"Well," his father sighed. "It might have been a worse comeback. I haven't fifty cents to my name, but here are two quarters, if they will do as well."

This Is My Offer to Investors

Purchasers of Original Shares in My First Company Earned 300% Profit a Month. Many Had Invested Less Than $100. This Offer May Mean Even Bigger Profits for Those Who Join Me Now!

This Offer Expires May 10th

DEVELOPING oil properties is the greatest profit-paying business in the world today. It is the most wonderful business in the history of the world. Here in the Coastal Oil Belt where single wells often come in with initial production of 15,000 to 20,000 barrels of oil a day, and oil selling up to $1.30 a barrel at the well, millions of dollars are being earned by all classes of investors, from the man who can afford to invest only a few dollars a month to the man who can invest thousands.

Small Investors Made Staggering Profits

I am the original Henry H. Hoffman who organized the Hoffman Oil Company, the Hoffman Deep Well Company and the Hoffman Goose Creek Company, besides several others. These three companies alone have earned investors OVER A MILLION DOLLARS IN LESS THAN TWO YEARS. My first company earned shareholders $29 for every $1 invested in original shares of the company WITHIN NINE MONTHS. Here's what some of my investor friends got for coming in with me: .

One man invested $70. In nine months' time this small sum grew into $1,906.70. Two ladies invested $84 each and within nine months' time each got back over $2,200. One man invested $670, and when the profits were divided he received over $18,000 as his share. Many others profited in proportion, at the rate of $29 for every $1 invested in the original shares of the company.

This Is My Offer

Now I am organizing a great, new oil company which is named The Hoffman Oil & Refining Corporation. This company controls vast acreage in the famous HUMBLE and GOOSE CREEK oil fields —the same fields where my other companies made such a wonderful success. My new company already has an income from production of about 1,600 barrels a day that amounts to about $1,550 a day, or at the rate of nearly $450,000 a year. Our $150 refinery is now in course of construction and should be completed in a short time. The first section will be capable of handling about 5,000 barrels of oil daily, and the net profit from each barrel should average $2.50, or $12,500 daily, or $4,000,000 annually. This is undoubtedly one of the biggest investment offers that was ever made in the history of oil, for I expect to make bigger profits for those who join me NOW than was ever made by shareholders in any of my previous companies.

No matter how MUCH or how LITTLE you can afford to invest, you have an equal opportunity to come into my new company on the same basis as others, according to the amount you wish to invest. My new company is selling shares the same as my first company—par value $10. But for a limited time, until May 10th, I offer early buyers shares at less than one-third of the par value, or $3.66 a share. Those who can not afford to pay all cash with order may pay in easy monthly payments.

But This Offer Is Positively Limited to May 10th; Prices Will Positively Be Advanced on That Date

Clip Out and Send in One of These Coupons NOW. Don't Delay; Do it Before You Lay This Paper Aside. It May Be the Making of Your Fortune!

Mr. Henry H. Hoffman, President,
Hoffman Trust Company, Trustees,
527 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

Dear Sir: Please send me full details of the plans of the Hoffman Oil & Refining Corporation and particulars of your special offer to investors.

Name .....

Address .....

Mr. Henry H. Hoffman, President,
Hoffman Trust Company, Trustees,
527 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

Dear Sir: I hereby subscribe for..... shares in the Hoffman Oil & Refining Corporation and enclose remittance to cover initial payment. Please acknowledge promptly.

Name .....

Address .....

BULK ORDER PRICES AND TERMS

No. Shares	Cost Now	Par Value	Rating	Terms Now	
5 Shares	$ 15.00	$ 50.00	$ 33.00	$ 2.80 Cash	$ 4.00 Monthly
10 Shares	30.00	100.00	70.00	5.60 Cash	7.00 Monthly
25 Shares	75.00	250.00	175.00	15.75 Cash	18.75 Monthly
50 Shares	150.00	500.00	350.00	37.50 Cash	37.50 Monthly
100 Shares	$ 300.00	$1000.00	$ 700.00	$ 75.00 Cash	$ 45.00 Monthly
200 Shares	600.00	2000.00	1400.00	150.00 Cash	100.00 Monthly
300 Shares	900.00	3000.00	2100.00	150.00 Cash	125.00 Monthly
500 Shares	1500.00	5000.00	3500.00	187.50 Cash	187.50 Monthly

NOTE: No fewer than five shares to any one purchaser. Present offer expires May 10th.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 10 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Sunday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

5,000,000

READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

A man's idea of a good resolution is one that will stretch.

Labor's worst enemy is the working man who won't work.

Some women find that a new hat is a good cure for a headache.

Remember that there are some things which should be forgotten.

Politicians like to have lots of people know them, but not tho well.

Men who have been crossed in love think that the joke is on the girl.

Man's greatest responsibility is woman —and she never lets him shirk it.

Tho the judge never sits on the jury, he frequently does on the lawyers.

It is easy to make apologies for other people, as the job does not have to be first class.

Your personal history doesn't have to repeat itself. Your neighbors will attend to that.

It is better to love the person you can't marry than to marry the person you can't love.

Many a fool man, after putting his foot in it, isn't satisfied until he gets there with both feet.

Not every man who has sense enough to mind his own business is willing to let it go at that.

A fish diet may not strengthen the brain, but a little fishing trip invigorates the imagination.

If women were unable to see the fine clothes other women wear they would have fewer wrinkles.

When a candidate places himself in the hands of his friends they massage his pocketbook freely.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Many of the new waists slip on over the head.

Ermine is more of a favorite than white fox.

The smartest capes have a distinctly military air.

Primrose yellow is a popular color for debutantes.

Sweaters in every color, sport coats of every kind are loosely belted.

The loosely woven woolen sweater which slips over the head is fashionable.

Gay stitchery, beads and worsteds are all used to give color to white velour costumes.

Front-lacing corsets have come to stay. It is said of them that they give a much more beautiful back line.

White kid gloves with cerise kid lining were seen in an exclusive shop. The cuffs are turned back to reveal the vivid color.

Evening dresses are apt to have a bodice of silk with a full skirt of lace or tulle which gives a good opportunity to make over an old evening dress.

New spring gloves are of wash chamois with black stitching, also a new kind of French kid, which is said to wash well and not change color if the hands perspire.

The fact that smart women at Palm Beach wore a quantity of one-piece frocks made of muslin, gingham and other varieties of inexpensive cotton goods has shown the way to a revival of an old fashion.

Over hats that show little or no trimming, decorative veils are draped. Particular veils are much used for this purpose. The braided portion of each veil is worn around the crown of a hat so that the face has a fine, dainty mesh falling over it.

HEALTH NOTES.

When the edges of the eyelids are red and inflamed they should be treated nightly with a healing preparation.

For croup in children have ready at hand a mixture of powdered alum and sugar—two parts sugar to one of the alum. Give a little of this (about the size of a navy bean) as quickly as possible when the cough comes on, and you will find quick relief.

Where the morning tub is not convenient a Turkish towel wrung out of cold water and rubbed thoroly over the body serves as an excellent tonic, stimulating the functions of the skin, besides stiffening a tendency to stoop, which is common during these days of early spring.

Styes are annoying, and as the ounce of prevention *in this case* cannot be given one must have recourse to the pound of cure. In the beginning of a stye, cold applications sometimes prove helpful, but after pus has formed hot applications are most desirable. As soon as pus has formed, an outlet should be made and until this is done it will not get well. Use a fine, sharp sharp needle that has been dipped in boiling water.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Use snap fasteners to fasten baby's rompers. They will save time and patience. Use them also on the shoulder fastenings of the infants' petticoats. The snap fasteners are most helpful in attaching the inevitable white collar to the dark serge or silk dress. They obviate any struggling to get the collar into proper condition.

Always mend your stockings on the wrong side, and do not begin too close to the hole. Use small stitches and at the end of each line leave a loop which will allow for shrinking. Make each line of stitches a little longer than the preceding line, until you reach the center of the hole, when the number of stitches should be decreased. In this manner you will have a diamond-shaped darn. Pass your needle under and thru the frayed loops of the stocking, and bring them to the wrong side. If done correctly nothing should show on the right side of the stocking but the woven stitches on the darn.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

When the color has been taken out of black goods it may be restored by the application of liquid ammonia.

A piece of burlap about the size of a tea towel is very good for rubbing up the kitchen range each morning. It does not burn readily.

An oblong piece of zinc fastened to one end of the ironing board is a great convenience and time saver. No hunting for the regulation stand and no scorched pad.

To extinguish flames from petroleum, pour milk over them and they will be put out immediately, for the milk forms an emulsion with the oil and prevents the fire from spreading.

"I find I can entirely prevent the annoying sticking of a butter if I first scald the mold, then rub it well with salt and cool in ice water. The butter then molds perfectly," says a certain clever housewife.

To clean a white satin hat buy a five-cent block or square of magnesia at the druggist's and rub over the satin. Use plenty of magnesia, covering every bit of hat. Leave for a few days. Then turn the hat upside down and shake off what is loose. If you do not like the appearance of the hat go over it again, using plenty of magnesia and taking pains to do a good job.

RECIPES.

PEANUT SANDWICHES—Chop or grind in a food chopper the desired amount of freshly roasted peanuts, season with salt to taste and mix to a smooth paste with thick sweet cream. Spread on thin slices of graham or whole wheat bread, which have been slightly buttered, and form into sandwiches. Cut into rounds with a cooky cutter.

QUICK EGG SOUP—Stir a teaspoonful of beef extract into a quart of boiling water, add a grated onion, celery salt, salt and pepper to taste. Pour boiling hot into a tureen with four tablespoonfuls of boiling rice and two well-beaten eggs. Serve hot. Any portion of cold cooked vegetable may make a palatable soup if put thru a sieve, added to hot milk, seasoned and thickened as usual.

RICE WITH STRAWBERRIES—Put two cupfuls of milk on double boiler. Wash one-half cupful of rice thoroly and add to the boiling milk. Let it simmer two hours, then add one-half teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When cold add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and put into a mold, which has been dipped into cold water. Place in refrigerator; when cold turn out on deep plate and cover with whipped cream and crushed strawberries, which have been mixed with the sugar, ready to place around the edge. Use a few berries to garnish the top.

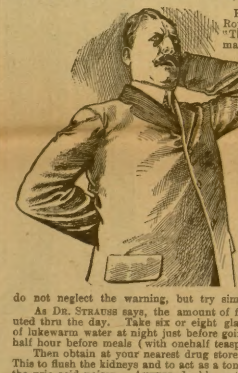
MERELY PRESCRIBING.

A witty young doctor, being called to attend a very pretty lady, and finding little that was the matter with her, humorously suggested marriage as the only cure.

"You are single, are you not?" she asked.

"Yes, madam; but doctors only prescribe remedies; they do not take them," was the reply.

WHAT'S THE CAUSE OF GOUT, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO?



PROF. H. STRAUSS, M. D., of the Royal Charity Hospital, Berlin, says, "The cause for an attack of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, is supplied by the increase of uric acid in the blood serum, the result of various causes the most frequent of which is renal. Before an attack, one suffers sometimes from headache, neuralgia, twinges of pain here and there or confined to a single locality." Dr. Levison and Dr. Strauss both hold that a long continued disturbance of the kidney function, resulting in an accumulation of uric acid in the blood serum, causes these painful afflictions.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, when your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; when you suffer with sick-headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach; or you have the rheumatic pains or lumbago, gout, sciatica, when the weather is bad, do not neglect the warning, but try simple means.

As DR. STRAUSS says, the amount of fluid should be regular and distributed thru the day. Take six or eight glasses of water thru the day, a glass of lukewarm water at night just before going to bed, or a pint of hot water a half hour before meals (with onehalf teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda.)

Then obtain at your nearest drug store ANURIC, double or triple strength. This to flush the kidneys and to act as a tonic so that the kidneys will filter out the uric acid poison. ANURIC, double or triple strength, is more potent than lithia, and in most cases it will dissolve the uric acid as hot water does sugar.

Simple Dessert Recipes.

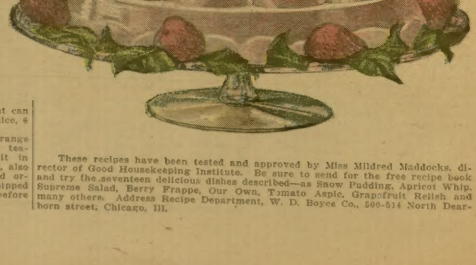
ELSIE'S DELIGHT.

Dissolve a package of Lime Jiffy-Jell according to directions on package. Pour into sherbet or wine glasses, filling them about two-thirds full. Dissolve the package of strawberry Jiffy-Jell according to directions on package. When partly cooled beat with an egg beater until thick. Pour this on top of the Lime Jiffy-Jell and set away to cool. Serve with whipped cream and maraschino cherry on top.

FRUIT SALAD.

1 package lemon Jiffy-Jell, 1 pint can pineapple, 1 tablespoon grape juice, 6 oranges, 2 bananas.

Dissolve Jiffy-Jell in part of orange juice by placing same over hot teakettle. Arrange the sliced fruit in bowl and pour the cooled Jiffy-Jell, also the remaining pineapple juice and orange juice, over it. Serve with whipped cream. (Scald pineapple juice before using.)



These recipes have been tested and approved by Miss Mildred Maddocks, director of Good Housekeeping Institute. Be sure to send for the free recipe book and try the seventeen delicious dishes described—as Snow Pudding, Apricot Whip, many others. Address Recipe Department, W. D. Boyce Co., 500-514 North Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Ledger Embroidery

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns engraved from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra. These designs are stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described. You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is no easy to get them. Any person can get one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 60 cents. The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.

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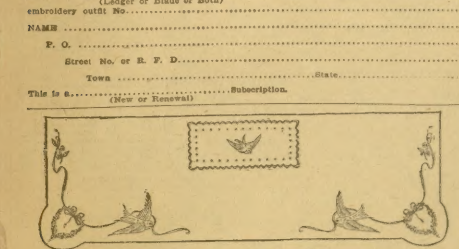
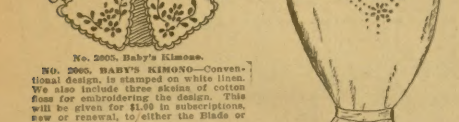


No. 5069, Bluebird Bureau Set.

NO. 5069, BLUEBIRD BUREAU SET.— It is surprising to notice at this season of the year how almost every housewife feels that her supply of bureau covers and pincushions needs replenishing, so here is your opportunity. This bureau set consists of a bureau cover, size 18x52 inches, and a pincushion, size 8x14 inches, to match, both of which are plainly stamped in blue on white linen. We also include in this offer six skeins of embroidery floss for working. This set is given for $1.50 in subscriptions to the Blade and the Ledger.

No. 4011, Bureau Cover.

NO. 4011, BUREAU COVER—Conventional pattern, the design is stamped on 17x52-inch white linen. We include four skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Given for one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger, for $1.50.



No. 2005, Baby's Kimono.

NO. 2005, BABY'S KIMONO—Conventional design, is stamped on white linen. We also include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering the design. This will be given for $1.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger.

No. 5070, Child's Dress.

NO. 5070, CHILD'S DRESS—Beautifully designed and stamped on 1¼ yards of white lawn or nainsook. We include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Sent with one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger for $1.50.

No. 4048, Corset Cover.

NO. 4048, CORSET COVER—This modish corset cover is stamped on a fine quality of white nainsook, and we include three skeins of cotton floss for working the design. This will be sent for a year's subscription, new or renewal, $1.00, to the Blade or the Ledger.

Nos. 5061 and 5062, Smoker Pillow Tops.

NOS. 5061 AND 5062, SMOKER PILLOW TOPS.—If you intend to give a sofa pillow top to your brother or to a friend to help make his room cozy, give him one of these smoker pillow tops, which are tinted in elaborate colors on 17x21-inch tan ticking. You may have your choice of either of these pillow tops, including a back and four skeins of colored floss for working. We will send us $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger. Order by number.

* * *

His Scheme.

A small boy who was not familiar with country ways was taken by his fond mother for a short stay in the country.

On a farm in a neighboring county he waxed fat and sunburnt, and picked up a wondrous store of astonishing experiences.

One day the farmer, who had kept his eye on the boy, smilingly said to the mother: "Just ask your boy he hid two eggs in the stable."

So the very first opportunity, the mother said to the 6-year-old:

"My dear, what did you do with those eggs you took from the henhouse?"

"I hid them in the stable," answered the boy.

"And what for?" asked his mother.

"'Cause it's my scheme."

"Your scheme? And what is your scheme?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said the little philosopher, "when eggs is borned in a chicken house they is always little chickens, and I fink if they was borned in a stable they might be little horses."

* * *

Polite.

A lady in the suburbs was considerably annoyed to find her neighbor's fowls continually overrunning her garden and playing havoc with the geraniums.

"Go round to the next door, Jane," she said to the maidservant, "and point out to Mrs. ——— that her fowls bother us a good deal, and ask if she'll kindly try to keep them at home."

The girl returned with a satisfied look on her face. "I don't fancy we shall 'ave 'em round 'ere again in a 'urry, ma'am," she replied.

"I hope you were polite, Jane," remarked her mistress.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," came the reply. "'Missus's respects,' I see, 'and if your fowls ain't kep' at 'ome you won't be gettin' no many eggs of a mornin', and we shall be eatin' poultry.'"

* * *

After a man has kept you awake all night by his snoring he usually tells you that he didn't sleep a wink.

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. Read our splendid offer below.

9262 Coat with Full Sides, 34 to 42 bust.
9260 Flared Skirt, 24 to 30 waist.
9404 Coat Regluan, Small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large, 42 or 44 bust.
9385 Blouse with Cuffs or Collared Fronts, 34 to 44 bust.
9370 Straight Skirt with Gathered Yoke, 24 to 30 waist.
9269 Fancy Bolero, 34 to 42 bust.
9295 Skirt with Straight Lower Edge, 24 to 32 waist.

9260 Girl's Dress, 10 to 14 years.
9150 Misses' Blouse, sizes 16 and 18 yrs.
9125 Two or Three-Gore Skirt, sizes, 16 and 18 years.
9407 Girl's Dress 4, 6 and 8 years.
9269 Boy's Middy Suit, 2 to 6 yrs

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some of these will describe for you how you can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

To treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

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Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

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THE FAIRY CORNER

THE ROAD TO FUN.

Hey, little laddie with shining eyes,
Whistling as you run,
There is a question puzzles me—
Which is the road to Fun?

One signboard points to the meadow path
Where the ripe strawberries gleam,
Another one says the nearest way
Lies by the old mill stream.

And one leads straight to old red barn
Crowded with fragrant hay;
Oh, so many signboards puzzle me—
Which is the "truly" way?

So, little lad, I shall follow you,
Follow you as you run,
For where is the boy who does not know
The shortest road to Fun?

AN ELOPEMENT.

"It isn't as if he had ever been a wild squirrel; I have been his mother ever since he was a teeny, weeny baby, so he must be quite happy, you see." And the little girl rubbed her cheek lovingly against the reddish-brown fur, and looked with reproachful eyes at the visitor, who had pitied "Beauchamp's" captivity. The child had discovered him one day in a strange-smelling shop.

"He's a little beauty," the shopkeeper had said, as he threw out a mouldy crust of bail from a cage containing a white cat and a family of kittens. "He's a regular nipper, and going dirt cheap, so I'll let you set the little squirrel upon the counter.

At any other time the little girl would have been lost in admiration of the kits, but now she hardly noticed them. They seemed common beside this tiny stranger, which sat up on his hind legs, staring at the great new world.

The little girl stared, too, silent with rapture. At last she gasped out, as she fumbled in her pocket:

"Oh, the little sweet! Oh, please, how much?"

The shopman wiped a smile from his mouth. "I'll tell you," he said, "seeing that I have taken a fancy to you, I'll let you have 'im for three bob."

"And he was such a kind gentleman," the little girl told the nurse, "and what he gave it to me for 2 shillings and 10 pence."

Fortunately she had not heard the "kind gentleman" mutter as she departed with empty pockets and a rustling bag. "Silly child, she'll never raise 'im."

However, to every one's surprise, Beauchamp prospered. The little girl called him Beauchamp, for when she scanned the list she was reading in her novel, "Sir Donald Beauchamp," the newspaper-covered book that had been lent her by the housemaid, Sir Donald became the squirrel's godfather.

The name sounded funny enough for a squirrel, who this little squirrel was very human in his habits. He occupied a doll's bed, and on cold nights enjoyed the comfort of a hot water bottle.

The little girl thought him so exquisite that she used to spend hours watching him as he frisked about, while a mother's love shone in her brown eyes. She looked rather like a squirrel herself, dark she did not have a tail, and sat there crouched on the window-sill with her brown skin and reddish hair and fuzzy little frock, and when there was no one present she would croon to herself in a sort of ecstasy.

"Oh, little son," she would say, "none of them were lovely like you, not the rabbits in the hutch, nor the little crabs on the shore. Your coat is like the sun shining on red gold and your nose is a ripe hazelnut. A little brown nut is your nose, and your eyes are a pond of love. And your tail, oh, how sweet, your tail is more beautiful than words can utter."

And at this point the bushy-haired tail would upset some ornament, and nurse's approaching tones would rise shrill above the din.

"There's that squirrel again, and stand it much longer I will not. It's past all bearing, and so I'll tell my mistress."

If Beauchamp's appearance was faultless, his conduct was far from being so. He seemed to take real joy in destruction. The sound of breaking china must have been as music in his tufted ears. But the climax came one day when the little girl had been left alone in the nursery and had let the squirrel out for a forbidden run. She was reading a fairy tale and forgot her cherished "son." Suddenly there was a crash. Starting up, she saw Beauchamp flurrying to and fro along the mantelpiece, clearing it rapidly with his scrambling feet. On the hearth lay the ruins of broken china and photograph frames. The little girl turned sick with dismay; then, as she ran forward, the squirrel jumped upon the top of a picture that overhung the mantelshelf.

The little girl began breathlessly clambering toward the mantelpiece herself to capture Beauchamp. It was absolutely against the rules, but her first thought was to hide Beauchamp. She had barely time to catch him and stuff him into her pocket when the door opened and nurse appeared. The good woman stared in silence. Then the storm broke. The little girl cowered under the violent scolding, but could not have put in a word had she wanted to. Suddenly, with a thrill of joy, she realized that nurse thought the little girl had knocked down the china in a lawless attempt to scale the mantelpiece. The squirrel was not even mentioned. And when nurse departed the little girl took him from her pocket and shut him in his cage with a sigh of thankfulness.

"Oh, my darling," she said, "my little darling! They will stop my pocket money, and I did want to buy you a beautiful frying pan to hang up in your cage. Worse than that, it seems like telling a story. It makes me feel dreadful; but they shall not know it was you, never, never, never!"

But this was not Beauchamp's only form of naughtiness. He was, as the shopman had said, "a regular nipper." He nipped curtains and shoes and books with equal satisfaction. Once when he had nipped the little girl he ran off and got himself into a coffee-pot and sat there until he was forgiven, a little ball of miserable apology.

Then one dreadful day he attacked Humphrey. The little girl declared that it was Humphrey's fault. The grown-ups thought the opposite. little mouse! Needless to say, from then he had not been him feeding the cat with bright-earth pills for the benefit of her health. Whether Beauchamp had been doctored, or whether he was only jealous of a little girl's new pet, "tho I'm sure he needn't be," is not certain, but it is certain it was that the squirrel hated Humphrey.

One day, as the squirrel was sitting on the table, enjoying his morning nuts, Humphrey suddenly tried to seize him. When the kitten jumped, the squirrel champ was sitting on the top of the curtain pole, gayly throwing down the nutshells, while poor little Humphrey stood in the middle of the room, blood dripping from his fingers, and almost too astonished to cry.

"Oh, Humphrey, dear, I'm so sorry!"

"Gee! Whiz! The fun I must have had."

began the little girl. "Oh, don't cry, please; please don't cry. I'll give you my knife, and there's a bit of one blade left. I'll give you the currants I picked out of my cake yesterday, only don't cry. I'll let you be Beauchamp's uncle if you like. I'll let you be his grandfather, too, but don't tell them he bit you; and, oh, don't cry."

But in spite of these lavish bribes the howl resounded thru the house; frightened elders poured in on every side.

As a consequence of this crime the squirrel was banished to the boxroom; but he was not lonely, for his devoted mother passed the greater part of her days in his cage. Indeed, she was obliged to be put there, whenever he was let out, for a broken window made possible an escape to the roof. But one day when she was playing with him she was called downstairs, and meaning to return directly she did not wait to shut him up.

Suddenly in the middle of the night she awoke with the cold start of neglected duty. She slept alone, so no one heard her as she crept out and pattered upstairs to the boxroom. Beauchamp's bed was cold and empty. The moon was shining in at the window, and by its light she searched about.

A desperate idea came to her as she stood there shivering. Out on the landing stood a ladder, and up this she began to climb. There was a skylight at the top. The bolts were stiff, and the shutter itself was heavy, but at last with a gasp she pushed it up, and there she was standing on the flat roof.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! they will not think I'm a burglar and shoot me," she faltered, forgetting that burglars are not usually accompanied by small, scarlet dressing gowns.

She sat down beside a chimney and thought of the well beloved. The tears began to trickle down her cheeks. The damp, salt taste was like the feeling in her heart. Suddenly she sat there, something sprang upon her shoulder, and with a little chirrup of satisfaction snuggled in under her dressing gown.

"Oh, my sweet, my sweet!" sobbed the little girl as she cuddled the prodigal, a starved and smutty little prodigal, for instead of a land of riot and plenty he had found only cold and hunger among the chimney pots.

So it was a very repentant squirrel that was taken down and put to bed. And in the joy at his return the little girl forgot the pain that he had caused her.

Soon after this the little girl went to live in the country. Beauchamp went also, and now found escape easy. He did, indeed, get loose on several occasions, but he always returned with a humbled and grateful condition. One day the little girl ran into the boxroom in an excited state.

"Oh, Beauchamp, what do you think?" she cried. "Oh, I've seen a little wild squirrling in the garden. Garden, I mean, first I thought it was you, Beauchamp, and then I knew it couldn't be, because he ran away. He's not a bit slimmer and teenier, and it had almost a white tail; Beauchamp, dear, I have asked it to come and play with you, but I don't know if it will. Beauchamp, would you like to see it?"

Beauchamp, who had been drinking water while he hung upside down, one of his favorite performances here, scrambled headlong into the jug, and came out a very wet and extremely bad-tempered squirrel.

Every morning when the little girl took him his bread and milk, she half hoped to find the wild one. But she was disappointed, and about three days later when she went in, there was not even a squirrel, only a boy there to greet her. She ran into the garden with the cage and began calling him, but no Beauchamp appeared. The chocolate little pot of bread and milk stood all night untouched in the middle of the gravel path and, next morning, the little new squirrel, who had playfully played so prettily about the garden, had vanished, too.

"He has run away with her!" sobbed the little girl. "I can't blame him so! I got him the best nuts till I have almost no money left. And once I nearly told a dreadful story, all for him. I bought him roses, because he liked to eat the petals; they were two a penny, sometimes, and everything said, 'What a waste!' She has known him only five days, and was stolen him away from me. Still I love him more than she can do."

But Beauchamp was far away. In the heart of the greenwood he frisked all day, playing with his new bride, happy with her in his freedom. When the little bride began to go to bed, they, too, found a mossy hole, hidden in an old hollow tree. And he never thought of the embroidered blankets that he had left behind of the empty cage, nor yet of the little empty heart.

A FAMOUS DRUMMER.

Perhaps you have all heard of the great composer and musician Haydn. When Haydn was a schoolboy he was a great drummer and on the days when grand processions were in progress. As he was much too small to carry a drum and beat it, he was mounted on the back of an equally small hunchback, who marched in front of Haydn. Is it not strange that in all the band the drummer is the one who attracts the greatest attention, and the crowd is always thickest around him? The whole crowd must have been around Haydn when he marched thru the streets with his hunchback carrier in front of him, beating the drum with the same fervor with which he later composed his great oratorios.

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